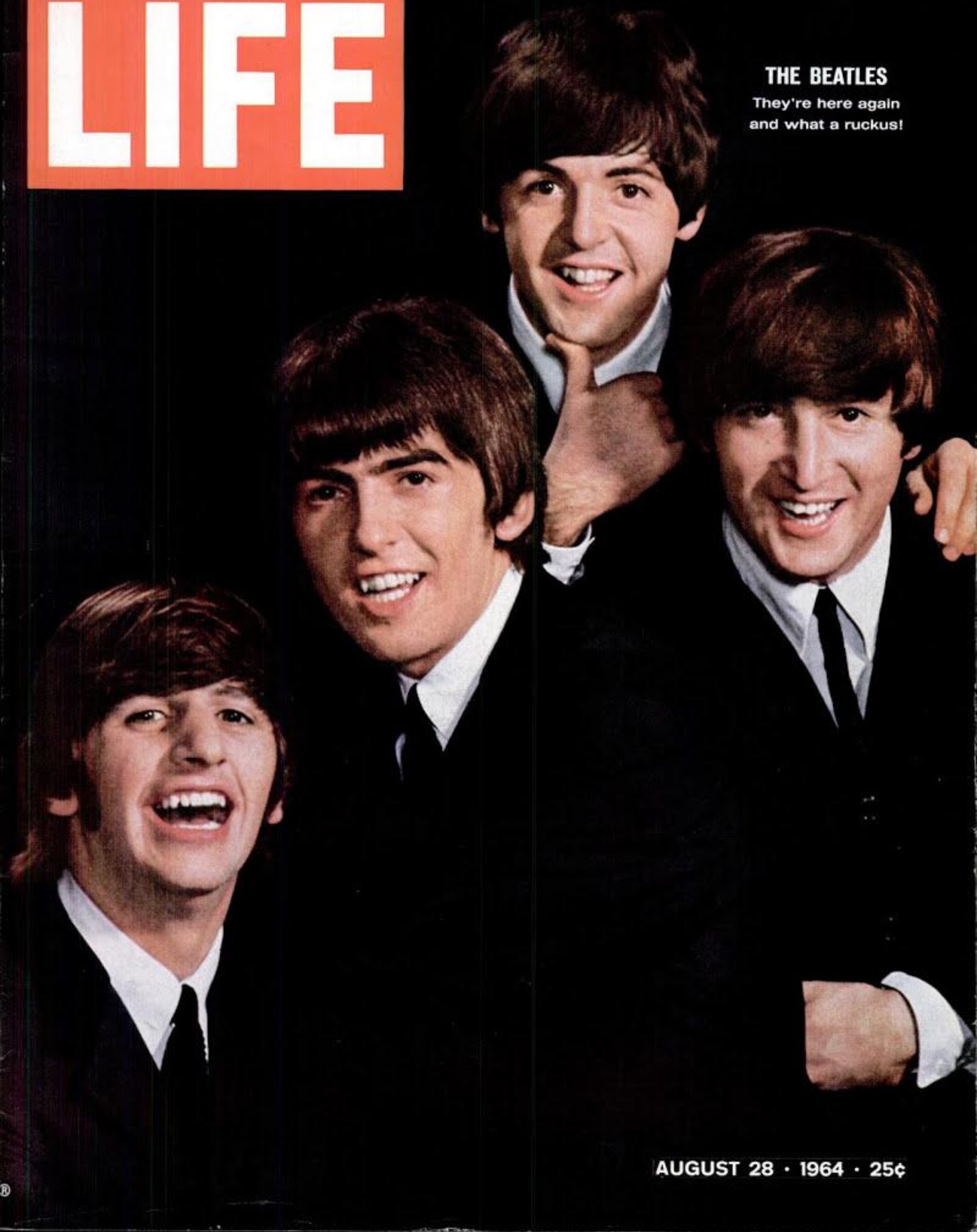


LIFE

THE BEATLES

They're here again
and what a ruckus!



AUGUST 28 • 1964 • 25¢



Fall for Europe this Autumn

(When our fares are low and the weather says "Go")

Don't feel bad about missing out on Europe this summer.

Europe is even more fetching in the fall. Cooler, for one thing. Uncrowded, for another.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Nicks, cuts | <input type="checkbox"/> Sensitive skin |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chapping, stinging | <input type="checkbox"/> Under-stocking prickle |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Razor drag | <input type="checkbox"/> Razor burn |

New *ultra smooth** was specially developed by Clairol to avoid these very problems!

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New! *ultra smooth** cosmetic shaving creme by Clairol



Why did Anne Flynn's parents allow us to use this picture?

There were two reasons.

First—because Anne has now had proper treatment, and everything is fine.

Second—because the Flynn's are deeply concerned (and you can understand why) with the seeing problems of all children.

They want parents to know about trouble signs that *aren't* as obvious as Anne's. That go undetected. Or may be overlooked be-

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Above all, remember this. Most vision problems begin without any warning. But there are some signs, such as the following, that call for your immediate action:

1. Persistent tilting of head.
2. Excessive frowning or squinting.
3. Excessive rubbing of eyes.
4. Shutting or covering one eye.
5. Holds books too close to eyes.
6. Headaches after reading.
7. More blinking than usual.
8. Unusual repeated eye movements.

Better Vision Institute

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Tracking Down Castro's Sister

Sometimes a great LIFE story just falls into our laps—"comes in over the transom," as we say—but much more often the big ones have to be smoked out, nailed down and sewed up against all kinds of obstacles and competition. This summer, when Juana Castro fled from Cuba and her brother Fidel and went into hiding in Mexico City, we knew it was a really big one and told Miguel Acocha of our Miami bureau to get going. Mike comes from Panama, is fluent in Spanish, and has answered our fire alarms many times before to cover avalanches in Peru, quintuplets in Venezuela and some more violent stories—he has been under fire in the Panama trouble, been held as hostage by Bolivian rebels, been mobbed in Cuba and roughed up in race riots in St. Augustine. But just finding Juana Castro was much tougher.



MIGUEL ACOCHA

Mike flew to Mexico City, checked into a hotel and spent a solid month prowling the streets and alleys, well aware that other magazines and news agencies from the U.S., France and Italy had men there on the same mission. The challenge was to get to her first. Informants turned up by the dozen and many sent him on false trails. On a tip, he frequented the Pedregal district of the city, where Juana was said to be staying, and struck up friendships with the household servants—no luck. Another tipster suggested he check his mailbox every four hours—it was always empty. He haunted the house of Juana's sister, Enma. "I've got the house staked out," he told us. "Counted 15 suitcases in back room and through binoculars spotted the initials J.C.R. (Juana Castro Ruz) on the valises. Enma says Juana has moved out. So far as I know I'm the only newsman to have got through to Enma in the past week. Contact assures me definite words tomorrow."

Finally Mike's persistence paid off. "Have word through an intermediary that we can have the exclusive on her story," he wired, and met the lady in a car near her hiding place. He found her friendly and articulate and over the period of a week took down her story. It appears on pages 22-33. It originally appeared as told to Mike in Spanish on 89 notebook pages. In the six days before this issue of LIFE went to press he flew back to Miami, translated the story into English, sent it to us for approval, got it back with some questions from us, took them personally to Rio de Janeiro where Juana Castro had gone, got them answered and flew to New York in time to make our deadline.

George P. Hunt
GEORGE P. HUNT
Managing Editor



Private Wealth in Public Office

In two intensively researched articles, *LIFE* told of Lyndon Johnson's rise to political and financial power. What columnists called an "underground issue"—the President's money and how he got it—has thus been brought to light the way it should have been: by journalistic scrutiny instead of through political innuendo (though there will be plenty of that). Now President Johnson has made public an accounting of his family's wealth and it corresponds with the estimates of his trustee, A. W. Moursund. Both summaries place the sum in the neighborhood of \$4 million, which is a long way short of our \$14 million estimate, a discrepancy that may be explained by the accountants' note that the amounts listed "are not intended to indicate the values that might be realized if the investments were sold."

The question is not how much the Johnsons made but how they made it. A President's personal finances have frequently been discussed—sometimes with great heat; even George Washington was criticized for trying to site the new capital on the Potomac because he owned land there. The Founding Fathers believed that only a man of substance should be trusted with the job (Ben Franklin suggested that it be made unsalaried, "a post of honour" rather than "a place of profit"). During most of the following century, with the advent of Jacksonian democracy, a different view prevailed. That was the "log cabin" theory which held that a man of humble origins spoke with the voice of the people. With Franklin Roosevelt and the New Deal the idea of personal wealth as a political handicap for office faded and died.

Now we have achieved a perhaps excessive respect for moneyed candidates. Being a millionaire running for the presidency is not only permissible; it is becoming almost *de rigueur* in these days of costly plane trips and TV schedules. A most touching account is Theodore H. White's description (in *The Making of the President*) of Hubert Humphrey desperately pledging household funds to pay for a half hour of TV time in West Virginia.

Meanwhile John F. Kennedy, campaigning against him with inherited wealth, had only to pick up the phone to summon up new speechwriting teams and buy more air time. All of this really matters only until the man gets the nomination, after which the fund-raising capacities of the party are at his disposal.

We are becoming sophisticated enough to admit that the size of a man's bank account has no more bearing on his suitability for the presidency than the size of his shoes. But some other aspects of political money need straightening out.

One is the unwritten distinction between clean money (what your father or grandfather earned) and suspect money (what you earn yourself). By this reckoning, Rockefeller's money is clean; so is the Kennedys', Harriman's, Goldwater's and Scranton's. Johnson's is somehow less respectable. We don't share this feeling—unless it turns out he used undue influence to get it.

The President's trustee has declared that Johnson became rich in a "strictly proper, legal and ethical" manner. His agents are assiduous, however, and the people with whom they deal are keenly aware of the political position of the man himself. But in saying this we do not say more. If the Republicans hope to use his business deals against him, they need a sounder case.

L.B.J. has plainly followed what is common practice in Congress, where plenty of members make money on the side, through law partnerships and business associations—a number have valuable interests in TV stations, just as he does. There are no hard rules on private advantage and public service; each man must consult his own conscience, which can be fairly accommodating. When a cry is raised about conflict of interest, it is likely to die out on the rocks of congressional smugness the way the Bobby Baker case did, without the adoption of even a token code of ethics. "We demean our own character when we try to adopt this kind of proposal," expostulated Senate Republican Leader Everett Dirksen. "I believe we have demeaned ourselves enough, all over one fallen angel."

Frankness has a disarming way—witness the late Senator Robert Kerr of Oklahoma, a millionaire who openly showed his loyalties to the gas and oil industry. A good many of his colleagues found his candor attractive. The executive branch has developed a laudable habit of disclosure; ever since the Eisenhower administration, the financial vetting of Cabinet members has been automatic and thorough. We think it good that both Lyndon Johnson and Barry Goldwater have now made public statements of their assets, but a congressional code dealing with private income is long overdue.

Congress Gets a Grade of 'A'

Eight months ago we tagged it the Lethargic 88th as it wound up an unproductive first session. Last week, approaching the end of its final session, the 88th Congress had much more to show for itself. It had passed this major legislation:

CIVIL RIGHTS Renders illegal discrimination in places of public accommodation and provides new weapons against discrimination in voting, schools and employment. A historic step forward in U.S. race relations, its passage required a 75-day filibuster to be ended by cloture. Now comes enforcement.

TAX CUT Provides for an \$11.5 billion reduction as a device to encourage economic expansion—in spite of a continuing federal budget deficit. It's too early to tell for sure but the idea appears to be working.

WILDERNESS Establishes a badly needed wilderness preservation system designed to save remaining federally owned

wild areas, and immediately places 9.1 million acres under it.

POVERTY Allots nearly \$1 billion for a multifaceted attack on poverty through job training and other schemes. President Johnson describes this omnibus bill as the opening gun in his "national war on poverty" and it appears to be a useful beginning. Other portions of the Administration program (Appalachia, Area Redevelopment) are still hung up.

MASS TRANSPORTATION Provides a modest \$375 million to be used for direct aid over a period of three years to improve the nation's deteriorating mass transportation facilities. While federal highway construction funds have been flowing freely, passage of this important legislation took five years.

PAY RAISES Grants increases totaling \$556 million for federal employees from postmen to judges, making government pay somewhat comparable with that of private industry. Another bill raises military salaries.

HOUSING Furnishes \$1 billion in welcome aid for urban renewal, slum rehabilitation, low-cost urban and rural housing.

Long, patient pressure by the Kennedy administration, the catalytic skill of old hand L.B.J. and the finally emerging consensus of the 88th itself all deserve part of the credit for making this Congress what President Johnson called "the most constructive in the 20th Century" when he invited all the legislators to come round last week for a thank-you party. Johnson's praise may be rather excessive, but the record is a good one.

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...SCHOOL'S IN AGAIN!**

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in \$5.95 slacks?

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LIFE BOOK REVIEW

Secretary's Guide to Sex at High Noon

SEX AND THE OFFICE

by HELEN GURLEY BROWN (Bernard Geis Associates) \$4.95

Helen Gurley Brown is to literature what plastic flowers are to romance: the trouble with her is not so much what she says (which is not much) as the way she says it. Her *Sex and the Single Girl* series, which threatens to prove as durable a vehicle as the *Five Little Peppers*, voices an occasional stray truth, but so cloyingly that a reader uncharitably wishes Mrs. Brown had stuck to what used to be called *The Business World*.

In 1962 she wrote a vastly popular best-seller called *Sex and the Single Girl*, spelling out sex to cover such seemingly unerotic practices as cooking lobster en brochette, fashioning muu-muus and taking out small loans. The book's chief message, delivered as if it were fresh news, was that some unmarried people have affairs and manage to survive them. Her title and her theme have since been widely imitated with *Sex and the Single Man* (for which Mrs. Brown sued the author) and *Sex and the College Girl*. In time, no doubt, we will get *Sex and the St. Lawrence Seaway*.

But "piffle poofle!" as Mrs. Brown would scoff, to all such copycats: she herself has just produced her own bona fide sequel, *Sex and the Office*. It is addressed to those girls whose aim it is to "feel princessy" and "have acres of sexy fun at the office." Like her first book, it uses the word sex rather loosely to encompass such matters as messy erasures, white collar thefts and the occasional acceptability of wearing curlers to work. There is more clinical sex in this book than the first, but fanciers of brass-tacks pornography will not for long be lured from standbys like the far more explicit *Fanny Hill*.

This time Mrs. Brown's message is that girls can meet men in the course of their jobs, can get entangled with them, and can suffer resultant difficulties. Most of her revelations will surprise no readers of Dale Carnegie or Elinor Ames's syndicated column, "The Correct Thing."

Throughout her profusely italicized book Mrs. Brown maintains the warmhearted, hortatory tone of *Everybody's Big Sis*. Her girls, she avows, need have no fear of getting themselves gussied up: "In my padded bra, capped teeth, straightened nose, Pan-Cake, false eyelashes and wig I may not be natural," she confesses,

"but I'm absolutely glorious!" On her desk, she also reveals, there is an ashtray around whose rim is written in six languages the legend I'M SEXY. "I'm sure you can find one just as interesting," Mrs. Brown exhorts her readers. Indeed they can: today's souvenir shops and thruway boutiques abound with such merchandise. Perhaps, if not an ashtray, a sweatshirt labeled U.S. NECKING TEAM?

Mrs. Brown is not only a "sexpert" but a veteran "tycooness," as she likes to call working girls. By her account even a routine day in an office can crackle with sensuality. Even a casual handshake can be libidinous. "If you like to touch and pat people as I do," she suggests, "this is a way of getting at them legitimately." Problems like "To Image Or Not To Image" (a girl who "images" is one who has decided she is a seductive leopardess, wholesome cowgirl or perhaps an aloof bluestocking) are faced head-on.

But such tricks are inconsequential alongside the boundless and varied delights of the lunch hour. These range from the simple fun of "doing tradesies" (you give me your brown paper bag lunch, I'll give you mine, we'll both be surprised), to the more grownup game of business lunch dates with men which, Mrs. Brown crows, are "sex at high noon!" This is so, she says, because "any personal talk becomes precious out of all proportion to its content, and random body contacts are like being hit with a cowprod. Hands brush when cigarettes are lit, eyes meet over the rim of cocktail glasses, knees touch but are quickly withdrawn." Surely so staccato a repast would also pose the added problem of spilled food, but Mrs. Brown neglects to say what to do about that.

Ultimately, lunch hours may be devoted to an institution called The Matinee, on which there is an anonymously written guest chapter. The Matinee is for girls who live near work, get long lunch hours, and have married lovers. Matinees begin, but do not end, with menus called "Fishy Fodder For A Lover" or "Hearty Luncheon For A Tired Warrior." The food is prepared the night before unless, of course, the hostess was

CONTINUED



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What do you mean, "Every style is 'wear-tested'"? The pair of Jarman's you try on has not been worn, of course. But the original model of that pair of shoes was "wear-tested"—actually worn under ordinary day-to-day conditions. Adjustments and alterations were made, finally bringing it up to Jarman's strict standards, and *only then* was it approved for production. As a result, the finished product has a wonderful "friendliness of fit" you just can't get in other shoes. See your Jarman dealer for a wide selection of shoes for every occasion—all "wear-tested" to fit with more comfort.

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Right: J5180 (genuine shell cordovan)....\$28.95

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Three top favorites: Mercury Monterey in Pacific Blue, Lincoln Continental in Arctic White, Thunderbird in Rangoon Red.



Three exclusive features that demonstrate the engineering excellence of Ford Motor Company convertibles



RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY WONDER ROTUNDA, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR.

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People just naturally rally around Ford-built convertibles.

Some say it's the look. Others say performance. But there's an ever-growing number of supporters who say it's the many exclusive features you find in Ford Motor Company convertibles.

For example. The rear window of the Mercury. It's not plastic, but a totally new kind of glass. Capable of twisting 45 degrees without breaking.

Won't rip, tear, crinkle or discolor. And with this special glass, which also comes in Ford convertibles, you can lower the top without unzipping the window.

The Thunderbird has a top that completely disappears. Touch a lever—the rear deck opens, the top folds neatly inside, and the deck closes. All you see is the clean sweep of Thunderbird lines.

The Continental, also featuring the disappearing

top, is the only 4-door convertible in America. Stepping in and out is a pleasure, and the seating room in the rear is that of a sedan.

This constant search for new ideas is all part of a plan by Ford Motor Company to give you today's most unique and best-built cars.

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COMET • MERCURY • LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

Just like downtown! Pop on your top hat and serve your family an elegant Banquet Chocolate Cream pie. It's smooth rich chocolate with a creamy whipped topping in a golden graham cracker crust. Expensive? Gosh, no! Just *tastes* expensive!



thank g♥♥dness for
Banquet
frozen foods



REVIEW CONTINUED

on the town "whomping it up" with a "SNAPUM" (Single Non-Alcoholic Paragon, Upright Morally).

Of course Mrs. Brown isn't so brazen as to recommend Matinees herself, nor, in a later discourse on the hopes, fears and prices of women in the call girl industry, to evangelize about that profession. When it comes to moral conclusions, she habitually straddles fences with little disclaimers which suggest "do what I say, not what I (or the girls I write about) do." Worse still, she chronically oversimplifies what psychologists like

to call interpersonal relationships.

Some things may be said in Mrs. Brown's defense. Her recipes sound tasty enough, and insofar as she urges girls to avoid rhinestones and class rings, keep trim, enjoy men, be compassionate and not mope about being unmarried, she is performing a service. But still her book is a silly shallow thing, very much a symptom of this, the Age of the Gland. It reminds me of a busy, pert, nubile high school cheerleader's secret diary. I'll bet she dots her *i*'s with little tiny hearts.

by Jane Howard

LIFE TV REVIEW

His Crime Was Playing It Straight

As the lights went on at the Democratic Convention in Atlantic City this week, Walter Cronkite, that grand old party of televised conventions, was no longer presiding over the CBS aquarium high above Convention Hall. It's hard to believe. The very name Cronkite has acquired a sound of granitic durability, yet the lords of the Columbia Broadcasting System banished him in what looked like a moment of panic induced by that nasty device known as audience ratings.

Cronkite practically invented the system of reporting conventions (and election nights, and the flights of Astronauts and many other major public events) on television. As TV's Mr. Big, he pioneered a technique patterned closely after the operation of a newspaper city desk: an "anchor man" (Cronkite) at a central desk overlooking the writhing delegates, observing what he could, receiving and evaluating the reports of legmen on the convention floor and elsewhere, and rapidly relaying it all to the watching public. It was a brilliant marathon performance, and during TV's early years it brought Cronkite and CBS laurels and the lion's share of the audience.

By 1960, though, NBC's bright new team of Chet Huntley and David Brinkley had stolen a lead and, in this election year, Walter Cronkite faced his day of reckoning. Three days after the G.O.P. convention the returns were in: Huntley-Brinkley by a landslide of ratings, more than CBS and ABC put together, even though ABC

had already caught the spirit by pairing Edward Morgan and Howard K. Smith. The battle was still only at its midpoint when General Cronkite was relieved of command and a new team of Robert Trout and Roger Mudd was assigned to the center stage for CBS this week.

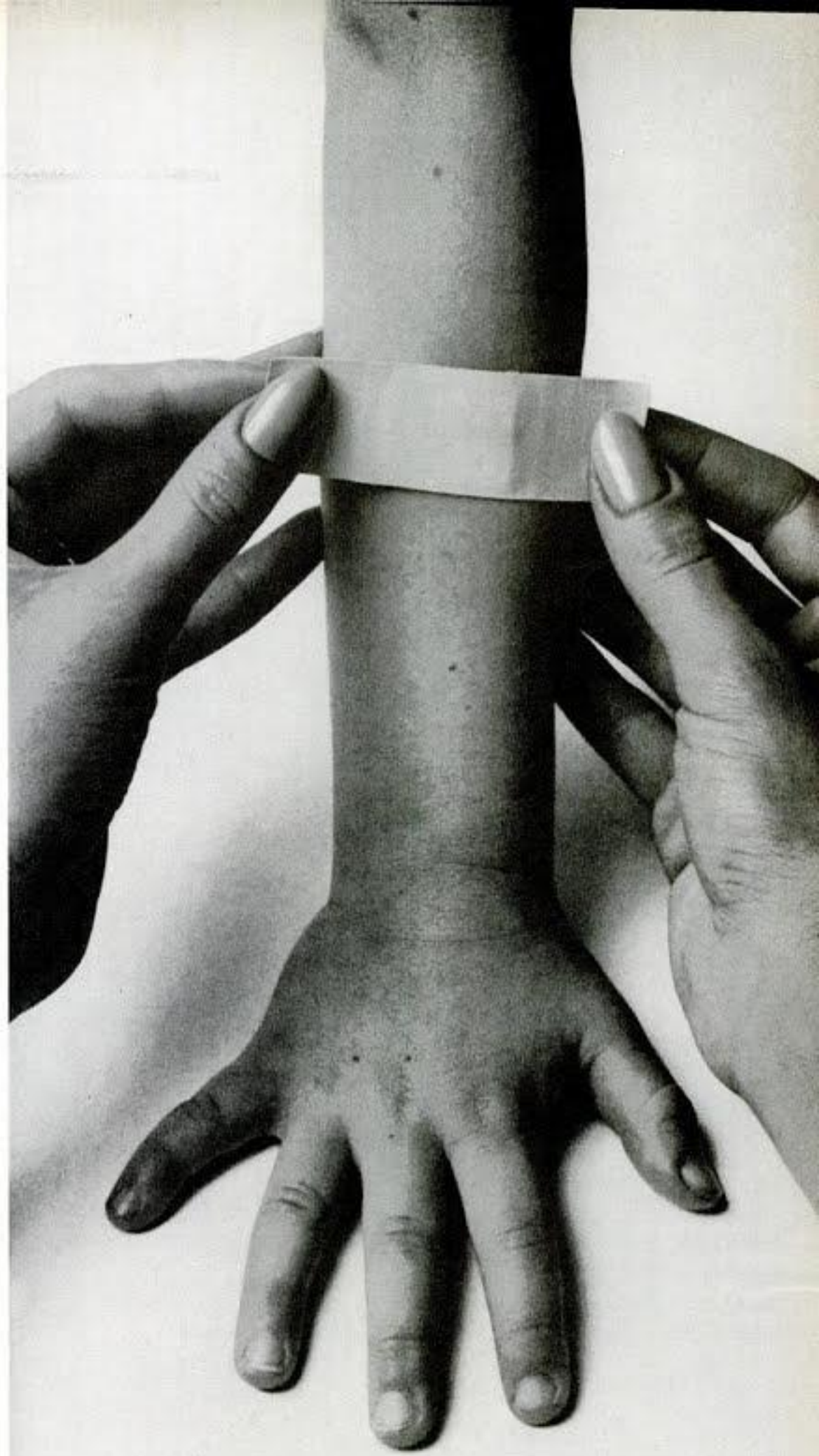
Cronkite was philosophical about it all—possibly because his six-figure contract with CBS has more than nine years to run. If he felt some unhappiness, he displayed no bitterness publicly. "Great credit," he said, "must be paid to Huntley and Brinkley. And I don't mean to be derogatory when I say they have entertainment value. I wish that I could be as wry and witty as Brinkley, or that I could arch my eyebrow like Huntley."

Cronkite is too magnanimous. Huntley-Brinkley is indeed a great act. But there is no reason why all television reporting should slavishly imitate their style, any more than all written journalism should be modeled after James Reston, or Ann Landers. The style of journalism, like that of fashion, has an uncertain life span, as Huntley and Brinkley, I think, would be the first to agree. Part of Cronkite's trouble—and the networks'—lies in the cut-and-dried nature of this year's conventions. They were largely tribal rites which papered over decisions already taken. Merely because they relieved the tedium of the events, Huntley and Brinkley clobbered Cronkite.

But whatever the ratings say, the networks have an obligation to practice straightforward journalism if they are also to claim the privileges of the First Amendment (which they do). There should be an honored place on TV for intelligent, straightforward reporters such as Walter Cronkite. "I hope," he said, "that this is only a temporary aberration."

I hope so, too—but I doubt it.

by Richard Oulahan



Just a scratch, but... it could have become serious if it hadn't been given prompt attention. When you need to heal the hurt in a hurry, it's comforting to know you can rely on nationally known drugs and remedies—the ones Advertised-in-LIFE.

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A Tender Irish Tale without the Blarney

THE GIRL WITH GREEN EYES
Tony Richardson
Executive Producer

An Irish story, like a blackthorn shillelagh, can be a dangerous weapon in the hands of an incompetent person. The Irish are complex, moody, passionate and witty people all right, but in describing them most writers fall lazily into quaint and witless caricatures. I don't know why this should be, unless it is an excess of sentimentality left over from the great potato-famine hysteria to the U.S.

As a general rule, it takes a native Irishman—a Behan or an O'Connor or an O'Casey—to see his countrymen with a clear eye and to set them down in true perspective. Edna O'Brien is such a person, and *The Girl with Green Eyes* (which she adapted to the screen from her novel, *The Lonely Girl*) is a lass with an authentic air.

It's a slight vignette, and the story has been told before. An unsophisticated young girl meets a worldly, middle-aged man and they have a love affair. Then they part, because a gulf of age and experience separates them and can never quite be bridged. But the tale is told with grace and sympathy, and it has just about everything going for it. The executive producer and guiding hand is Tony (Tom Jones) Richardson, and Desmond Davis, one of Richardson's favorite cinematographers, makes his debut as a director. He shows ingenuity and promise. Rita Tushingham, who made a memorable debut of her own in Richardson's *A Taste of Honey*, and the veteran Peter Finch are the unhappy lovers, heading a large and competent cast.

Miss Tushingham deserves special comment, for she is, at 21, a remarkable young actress; and she is visible through nearly every inch of this film. She cannot be called pretty by a long stretch: her nose is long and thin, her mouth a wide slash, and her hair is a Beatle mop. It is her large, lustrous eyes that have it: "You're like a lemur," her lover tells her in the film. "Have you ever seen one? It's a beautiful evening animal with big, hungry

eyes." Rita's hypnotic eyes, out of proportion to her small face, mirror every nuance of emotion. Whether it is fear, anger, determination, tenderness or frustration, her eyes tell exactly what is on her mind.

She plays the part of Kate Brady, a young girl who has flown from the nest of a strict country upbringing and has come to Dublin to earn a living and perhaps to learn about living as well. But she wants more out of life than her drab existence behind the counter of a general store or going on dates with dreary young men, and when a polished, aging writer crosses her path she grabs at him like a hungry animal.

It is a propitious moment, for the man's wife has left him, he is lonely, and the cheeky girl appeals to him. But once they get to bed, things begin to fall apart. Kate is too rigidly corseted in her Catholic faith to accept the role of mistress for long, and even the solace of the Mass and a sham wedding ring cannot still her misgivings. Her lover realizes, too, that she can never fit comfortably into his world. Eventually Kate goes off to London in the hope that her man will follow her. He never does. "It's funny," she muses in the end, "I remember all the things we talked about. He said once we must all leave one another—we die, we change, we outgrow our best friends. It's true, because I have changed. I go to school at night, meet different people, different men . . ."

In spinning this simple tale, Director Davis uses some techniques and tricks, most of them quite successful, that underscore his years as a cameraman. The scenes are swift and pointed, and the plot skips from one situation to the next, almost breathlessly: the heroine asks a question in one fade-out, and the answer comes back in the next fade-in, although the hero's reference is to another matter. Once or twice the photography seems pretentious, and a couple of slapstick situations—as in one scene when a cigaret is accidentally flipped down Kate's dress front—creep furtively into the film. These lapses, fortunately few, are more than compensated for by the adult "Irishness" of the film. Irishness is there all right, but it is injected without begorrah or exaggerated brogues, conveyed by what the characters say and what their attitudes are, rather than how they say it or how they act. After all those leprechauns and dimpled colleens and crusty old padres, it's a refreshing treat—rather like fruit in the house and nobody sick.

by Ann Flaherty



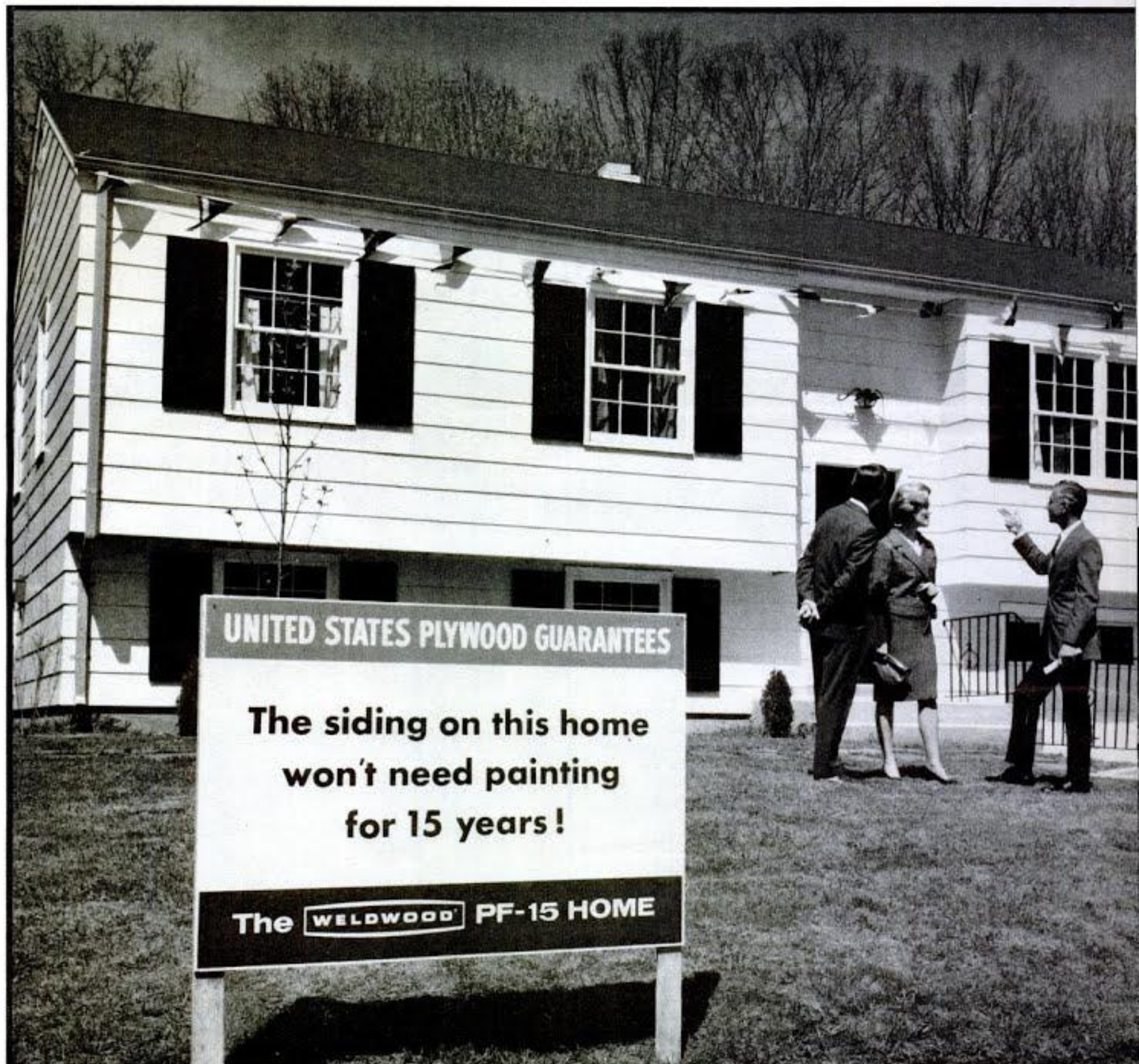
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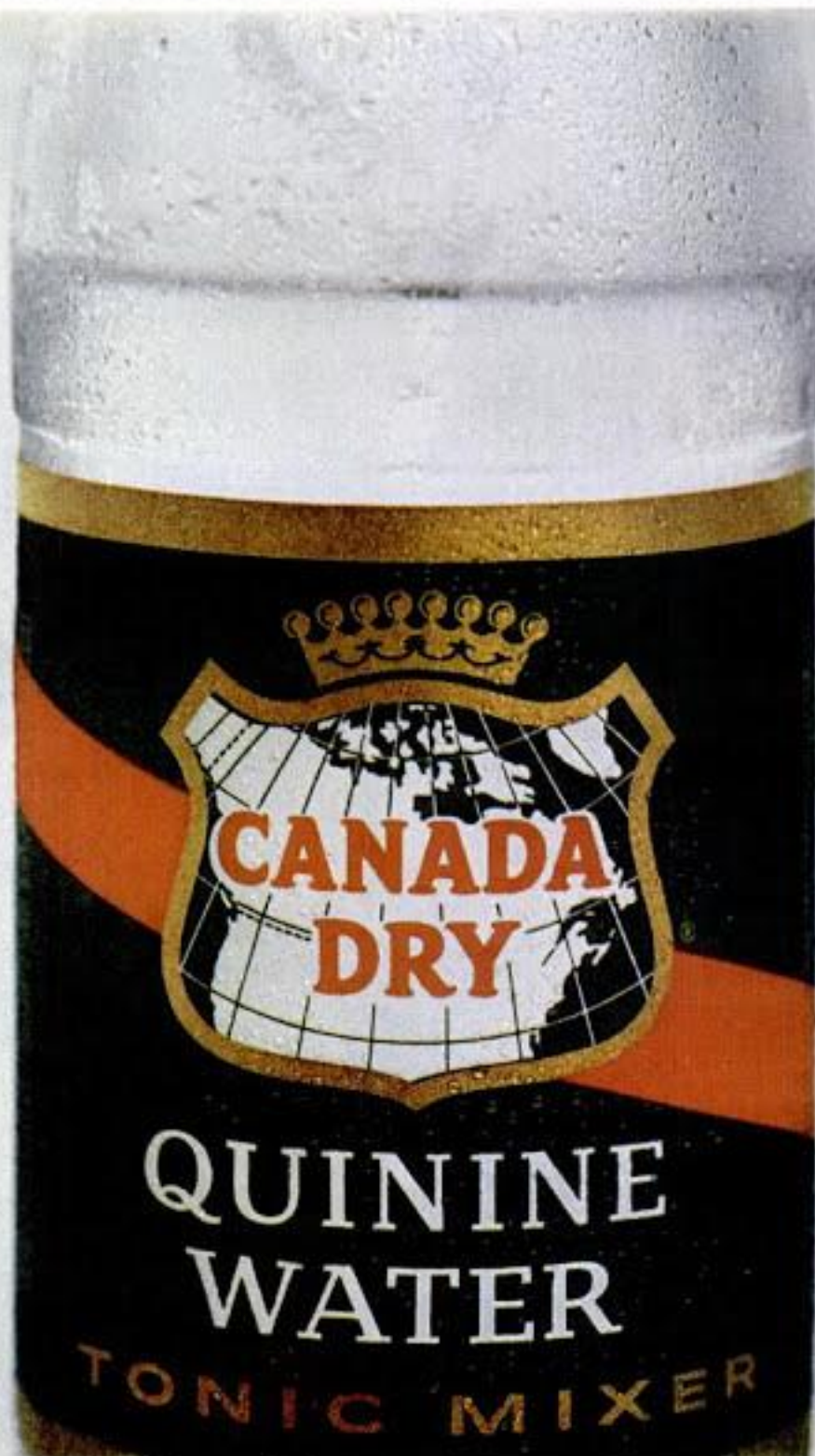
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Our Spy-Boss Who Loved Bond

by ALLEN DULLES



Dulles, left, and Fleming in New York this past January

I knew Ian Fleming well and I liked him. If you were an extrovert you could hardly help liking him and if you didn't bore him he would probably like you. He was no snob, but he couldn't stand bores and hypocrites. Everything for him had to be exciting, even his food. Ian was a real gourmet, particularly in exotic dishes from the Orient. He felt society owed him an interesting life and he went about to get it. In many ways it was through creating James Bond that he achieved it.

Also, I liked Ian Fleming's books. Until John F. Kennedy—then Senator Kennedy—took him up, I think my friends felt that I was a bit soft-headed in my interest in Fleming and my praise of James Bond. But when I found myself in such august company—together with a few million other addicts not so august—my hobby was then tolerated, although some of the pros working for me in the Central Intelligence Agency never could quite understand this weakness of The Boss.

I was introduced to Fleming's books some seven years ago by Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy herself. She gave me a copy of *From Russia with Love*. "Here is a book you should have, Mr. Director," she said. To my mind, *From Russia* is one of the best of Fleming's thrillers, though here I may well be prejudiced because much of the action takes place in Istanbul, in areas that I knew so intimately. For a couple of years in post World War I days I lived in Constantinople (as it was then called), next door to the well-known hotel that figures prominently in the book. It was then infamous mainly for its bedbugs rather than its blondes, however. Also, I was very familiar with the fantastic underground catacombs of Stamboul where Bond almost ended his days. Later, for a time, I kept Mrs. Kennedy supplied with new Bond thrillers as they came along.

It was a few years after this that I came to know Fleming personally. A score of my British colleagues, in the days when I was Director of Central Intelligence, invited me to a dinner in London with Ian and we had quite a night of it. Fleming was a brilliant and witty talker, with ideas on everything. Before we got through we had pretty well torn orthodox Intelligence to pieces. We talked of new tools that would have to be invented for the new era. The U-2 was already making its top secret flights, but Fleming's imagination could go even higher. After all, he was trained in the great tradition of British Naval Intelligence. Ever since that night, I kept in constant touch with him—and he kindly kept sending me his books.

In 1962, just as I retired as Director of Central Intelligence, came *The Spy Who Loved Me*—his worst book in my opinion—with this inscription: "To Allen, who had been such a strong arm for so long. Ian Fleming." Then came *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, to which he added a teasing inscription as a reminder of the fact

that I was no longer to receive classified information: "To Allen, although he is denied access to similar material. From Ian."

As our acquaintanceship grew, Fleming condescended to include in his books references to the CIA and its people. Occasionally CIA personnel even joined James Bond in his exploits—in a subordinate role, of course, but after all with a good byline. He wrote many of his books in Jamaica as he liked the Caribbean isles as background scenes for Bond's adventures. Here the helping hand of the CIA and its chief often received honorable mention.

The Kennedy interest in James Bond gave Fleming's books a great lift, and Ian well knew it. But there is something more than that in his success. This generation seems to be attuned to spy stories, and I wonder why. It is true that, as never before, great governments have gone into the spy business—among others this government of ours. Large organizations have been built up and they are engaged in a kind of conflict that seems to intrigue people, as they try to get each other's secrets first. The Soviets really initiated this duel when, though allied with us in war, they used Klaus Fuchs and others to steal the secrets of the atomic bomb.

Possibly it was public interest in this kind of struggle that caused Fleming to write about "Smersh"—the Kremlin's "death to spies" organization. This he did in *From Russia with Love*. At the time, many of his readers thought that Smersh was just another bit of James Bond fiction, but it was in fact a very real Soviet terror

organization. When he thought his audience had had enough of the Soviet theme, he moved on to international gangsters who, among other things, stole a couple of atomic bombs and tried to use them for massive blackmail. After what we have read of the great \$7 million British train robbery, this seems not so far removed from reality either. James Bond's last antagonist, "Spectre," was the Special Executive for Counterintelligence, Terrorism, Revenge, and Extortion—also in the gangster class.

People always want to know what relation James Bond has to the secret service agent of today or, if you prefer, the modern spy. The fact is that there is very little resemblance. In my recent book, *The Craft of Intelligence*, I drew a comparison of Bond with Colonel Rudolph Abel, the highly trained secret Soviet agent in the United States who was exchanged a few years ago for our U-2 pilot, Francis Gary Powers. I contrasted Abel's retiring and cautious behavior in Brooklyn with James Bond's abandon and I pointed out that the modern intelligence officer does not usually carry weapons, concealed cameras or coded messages sewn into the lining of his pants—although Abel did carelessly leave behind in his quarters too many of these telltale articles.

The modern spy could not permit himself to become the target of luscious dames who approach him in bars or come out of closets in hotel rooms. In fact, most of the great spies of World War II were modest in appearance, careful in their actions and in their contacts, and hence not likely to be smoked out on their first mis-

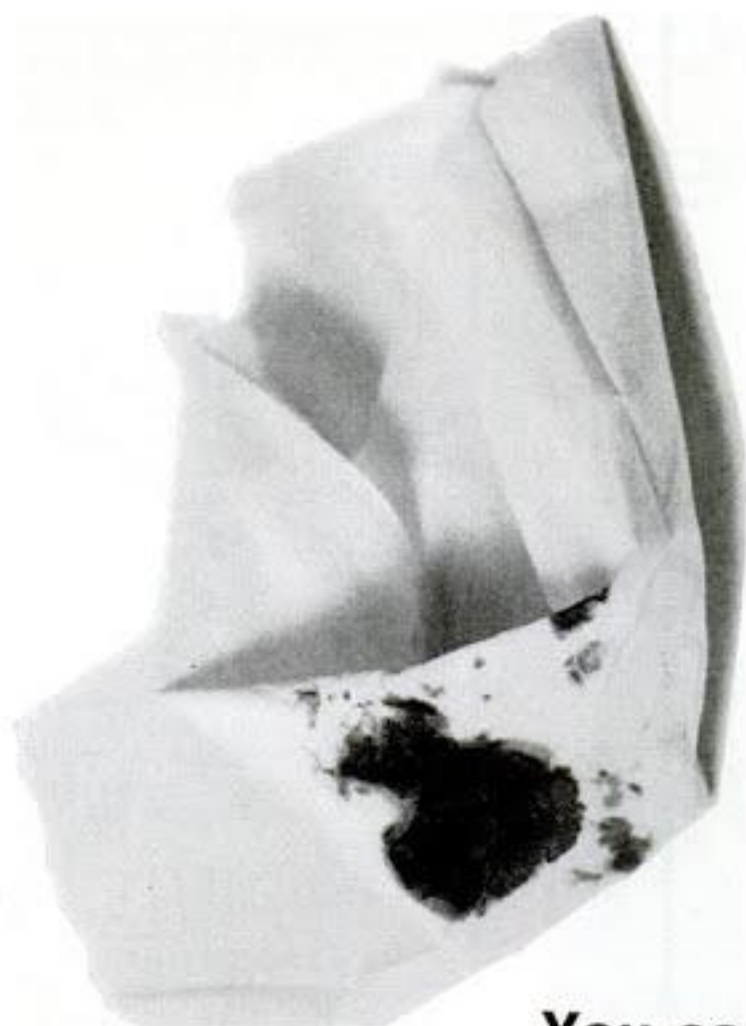
sion. Good spies are too valuable, their training is too long and costly, and they are too hard to find to warrant undue exposure. I fear that James Bond in real life would have had a thick dossier in the Kremlin after his first exploit and would not have survived the second. But some of the Bond characteristics like courage, resourcefulness and ingenuity—all used somewhat differently—are elements for anyone whether in Her Majesty's Secret Service or that of the United States or any other nation whose security depends upon sound knowledge of what the enemy is up to. But there are exceptions to all rules and Richard Sorge, the great Soviet spy in the Far East during the first part of World War II, was much more like Bond in his personal behavior than the typical spy I have described.

I often said when I was director of Central Intelligence that I would be glad to hire several James Bonds. I did not mean by this that I lacked men and women with Bond's qualities, because I had many of them. But I was always looking for more—to be used, as I say, somewhat differently than Bond.

I was also always interested in the novel and secret "gadgetry" Fleming described from time to time in the Bond books. I recall, in particular, one device: it was a special kind of homing radio outfit which Bond installed in cars his opponents were using and which permitted him, with an appropriate radar type of gadget, to follow the hostile car and home in on it from his own car even at many miles distance. James Bond used this to track his quarry across France and into Switzerland. I put my people in CIA to work on this as a serious project but they came up with the answer that it had too many bugs in it. The device really didn't work very well when the enemy got into a crowded city. The same may be true of many of Bond's gadgets, but they did get one to thinking and exploring, and that was worthwhile because sometimes you came up with other ideas that *did* work.

The last time I saw Ian Fleming was early this year, when we were in New York together. I was worried about Ian at the time. He didn't look well to me. I knew that he had had a slight heart attack some three years before and had been told to take it easy. But that is something that neither James Bond nor his creator, Fleming, could ever do. Then came Fleming's last published story, *You Only Live Twice*. The setting of the book is Japan and the inscription on the flyleaf was in keeping. It read: "To Celestial Dulles-san, from Miserable Fleming-san."

There are many of us who share the feeling of sadness and loss at Ian Fleming's death which came too soon. No one, I feel, would have the audacity to try to bring Bond back. It took a Fleming to create him and together they gave great pleasure and relaxation to a multitude of people.



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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

MARILYN MONROE

Sirs:
Was it really necessary for Clare Boothe Luce to rehash Marilyn Monroe's tormented life (Aug. 7)? As an admirer of Miss Monroe's I found the article in shockingly bad taste.

Your article was apparently designed to lower our opinion of her. It did not.

KAREN FIELD

San Rafael, Calif.

Sirs:
Those of us who knew and worked with Marilyn Monroe are very grateful for Mrs. Luce's intelligent analysis. She comes far closer to capturing the spirit and the essence of the real Marilyn than all the other articles that I have ever read.

There is one statement I would like to make, one which is somewhat contrary to an otherwise exceptional article: Marilyn Monroe was never before as beautiful as she was in the period just prior to her death.

WILLIAM H. LAMBERT
Otto Preminger Films

Honolulu, Hawaii

Sirs:
My husband and I met Marilyn Monroe two weeks, to the day, before she took her life. We sat at an adjoining table at Cal-Neva Lake Tahoe and spoke to Miss Monroe for the better part of the night. You could only feel pity for this "Love Goddess" who wore a long black velvet coat in the midst of summer heat, a crumpled green chiffon scarf over long straight bleached hair, an enormous pair of sunglasses which only drew more attention to her, and who made a sad attempt to join in with her gay friends' evening. She seemed, indeed, a lost little girl.

MRS. ED STOCKER

North Highlands, Calif.

Sirs:
Wasn't Marilyn Monroe exploited enough when she lived? Plain human decency should make us leave her alone in her death.

Her life was a tragedy from beginning to end. There is no need to drag her through the mud again.

GLORIA ADLER

Broomall, Pa.

Sirs:
As a psychology student I think that Mrs. Luce is to be congratulated for the insight she portrayed in her article probing the motives that led to Marilyn Monroe's self-destruction.

FRANK B. CAPRIO

Falls Church, Va.

Sirs:
Clare Boothe Luce's article on Marilyn Monroe was written with tenderness and understanding, but the question was not answered as to why Marilyn took her own life. Always Marilyn was searching for a "limitless love," which, as Arthur Miller so rightfully stated, no human being is capable of giving. But there is the "limitless love" of God. Did anyone tell Marilyn of this?

MARY H. CALDWELL

Terrell, Texas

Sirs:
When Mrs. Luce said "she realized that the mob worship of her . . . could not last more than a few years longer" it brings another thought to mind. It seems ironic that another famous, glamorous blonde, Marlene Dietrich, who is more than 20 years older than M. Monroe, is still going strong. I guess M. Dietrich has that certain strength that Marilyn so sorely needed.

NORMA LEO

Quincy, Mass.

LIFE REVIEWS: THE BEATLES

Sirs:
Well, hip hip hurray! I just read Constantine Fitzgibbon's review of the Beatles' film *A Hard Day's Night* (Aug. 7) and must say I think it's about time that at least one adult agrees with us teen-agers about the Beatles. His descriptions of them as "sweet and endearing; masculine and virile; and healthy and funny" fit them like a glove. Yeah, yeah, yeah!

JANET OWEN

Douglaston, N.Y.

Sirs:
Const-Baby was the only one who seems to understand why we love the fab, gear, wonderful Beatles. Everyone else sticks in little theories about hair, rings, preparing for motherhood, songs we "identify" with, displeasing our parents, or escaping from the horrible real world. However, it's really their natural, honest sense of humor and the way they take nothing seriously, including themselves, except the money. I should think adults would love them too, because they're just the opposite of all the former phony, sexy, sullen teen-age idols.

VALERIE HARRIS

Norwalk, Conn.

SHOW TUNES

Sirs:
Someone has finally come out to say what is the matter with the Broadway

musical stage. My compliments to Mr. Tom Prideaux for his informative and knowledgeable music review (Aug. 7). It is truly sad to note that the composers of today no longer even try to write tuneful scores, abandoning the fight against the "slap-bang rock-'n'-roll-style trash."

CARL PILCHER

Brooklyn, N.Y.

OUTWARD BOUND CAMPS

Sirs:
"Marshmallow Becomes a Man" (Aug. 7) was the happiest success story I have ever read. It was like the children's story of the little engine who kept saying "I think I can" at each high mountain, and made it.

MARK CARTER

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sirs:
"Marshmallow to Manhood" was an excellent article and those of us connected with Outward Bound are very pleased at the objective and fair treatment you gave to our program.

JOSHUA L. MINER, III, Pres.
Outward Bound, Inc.

Andover, Mass.

TRACK MEET

Sirs:
As an avid fan of track and field, I enjoyed the well-written and well-photographed article about the Russian-American track meet (Aug. 7).

MITCHELL ORFUS

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
This may be a little discouraging to Russian coach Gavriil Korobkov and his athletes, but, having lived in both cities, I can say with assurance the Tokyo smog often matches that of L.A.—and then some!

JOHN R. REIGSTAD

Otis AFB, Mass.

Sirs:
Dallas Long, world record holder and one of three former Trojans who came away from the U.S.A.-U.S.S.R. meet with silver bowls (Mike Larrabee and Rex Cawley were the others), most definitely is *not* from our crosstown rival school. He most definitely *is* from U.S.C.

Must be a U.C.L.A. Bruin on your staff!

LLOYD PEYTON

Hollywood, Calif.

► Dallas Long, 23, was graduated from U.S.C. in 1963, is now attending U.S.C. dental school.—ED.

SURFING PIZZA STYLE

Sirs:
We enjoyed your excellent article on pypo-boarding (Aug. 7). Since I originally helped introduce it to the beaches of the State of Washington and would like to see young people enjoying this inexpensive, challenging water sport wherever there are other reasonably flat beaches, I would like to mention a few extra pointers not included in this article.

The pypo-board need not be plastic-coated but should be made out of marine plywood $\frac{3}{8}$ " to $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick. It should be beveled around the edge on both sides. Beginners should be careful to try to land near the middle of the board if they don't want to find themselves flat on their backs.

REV. BERTRAM H. RUTAN

Aberdeen, Wash.

Sirs:
The sport is called HI-TI Boarding, not pypo-boarding, and is named after a Tahitian water god. It originated in Tahiti, not Hawaii.

W. B. CHISOLM LEONARD

Orlando, Fla.

Sirs:
On the East Coast we call the sport "skimming" and the board a "skimmer board." Our boards do not have a plastic-coated bottom but are made of five-ply plywood.

DONALD BENNER

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:
Here in Maine we call it "skip-boarding." At Old Orchard Beach we have seven miles of unbroken sand, and the sport attracts quite an audience.

RICK SOUZA

Old Orchard Beach, Maine

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL

Sirs:
A controversy has been raging at our company concerning the cat that appears in the picture with Sir Winston Churchill on page 31 of your Aug. 7 issue. We would like to ask you, Is it or is it not a mangy alley cat? And does it or does it not belong to Winston Churchill? If the answer to the latter is yes, why is it so underfed?

THE PACTRA CAT FANCIERS
AND DETESTERS

Los Angeles, Calif.

► Jock, a ginger-colored cat of nine months, does belong to Sir Winston, is small but definitely not underfed and definitely not mangy.—ED.

IN LIFE NEXT WEEK

IN COLOR—TWO BIG NEWS EVENTS
THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION
All the excitement in Atlantic City

**Photo Report
from Red China**
The furor in Peking when the U.S.
struck back at North Vietnam

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The sister of Cuba's Communist dictator
Tells why she escaped to carry the fight against him

THE AUTHOR. Safely in exile in Mexico City, where she fled last June, Juana Castro talks out the bitter story of her brother that appears on these pages.



THE SUBJECT. On a cattle farm at Birán, Fidel Castro contentedly lights a fragrant cigaret, outwardly confident that the majority of his people support him.

MY BROTHER IS A TYRANT AND HE MUST GO

by **JUANA CASTRO**

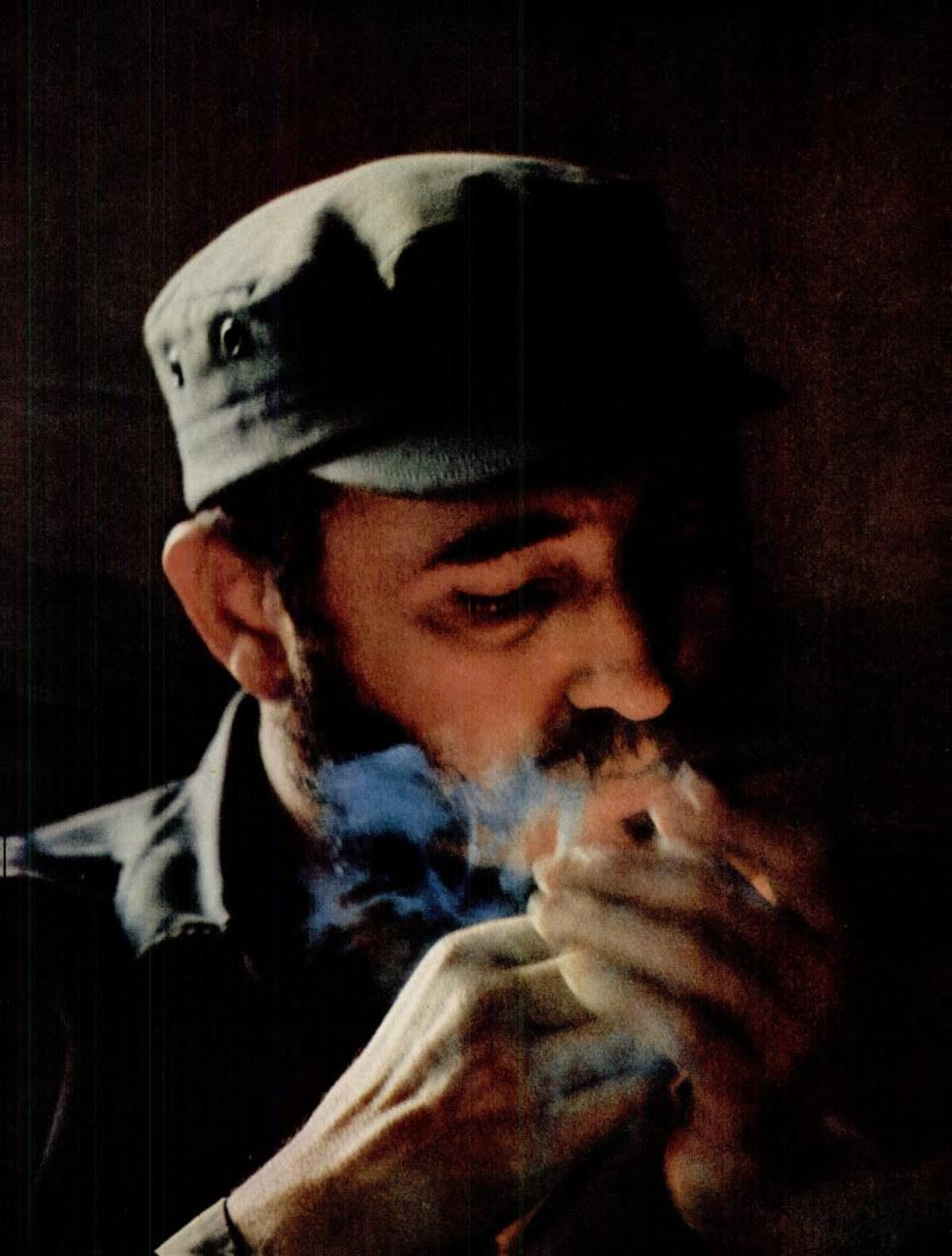
I am not naive, but until he himself said he was one I never thought of Fidel Castro as a Communist. He is my brother, and I know him well. He is nervous and bright, capable of towering rages and violence. He had—and has retained—some of the temperamental attributes of a spoiled son. Indeed, although none of us in the family ever lacked anything, my father always gave Fidel what Fidel asked for. My father was not an educated man but he worked hard on his plantation and was very generous. After Fidel graduated from the Belén school in Havana and started his studies at the University of Havana, he asked for a car. There was a wartime shortage of cars and they were expensive. My father bought him a car.

When he was home on vacations at the *finca* [farm] in Oriente, Fidel would discuss many things with my father. But there was never any hint of Communism.

Fidel didn't like dictators. In 1947 while he was still in the university he got involved in an abortive invasion against Rafael Trujillo, the Dominican dictator. My parents were distraught. Eventually my mother found Fidel at a beach called El Chivo and tried to convince him that he should give up the invasion and come home. She failed, for the moment. Then one night he showed up, dripping wet, at the *finca*. He told us he had swum ashore after their invasion boat had been intercepted by a Cuban gunboat. We were happy to see him back, and my father urged him to finish his studies.

Never at this time did Fidel ever show any interest in the plight of the peasants. In fact, he used to chide my father for being too generous with the *guajiros* who worked for us. He criticized father for giving them money, and for giving idle United Fruit laborers

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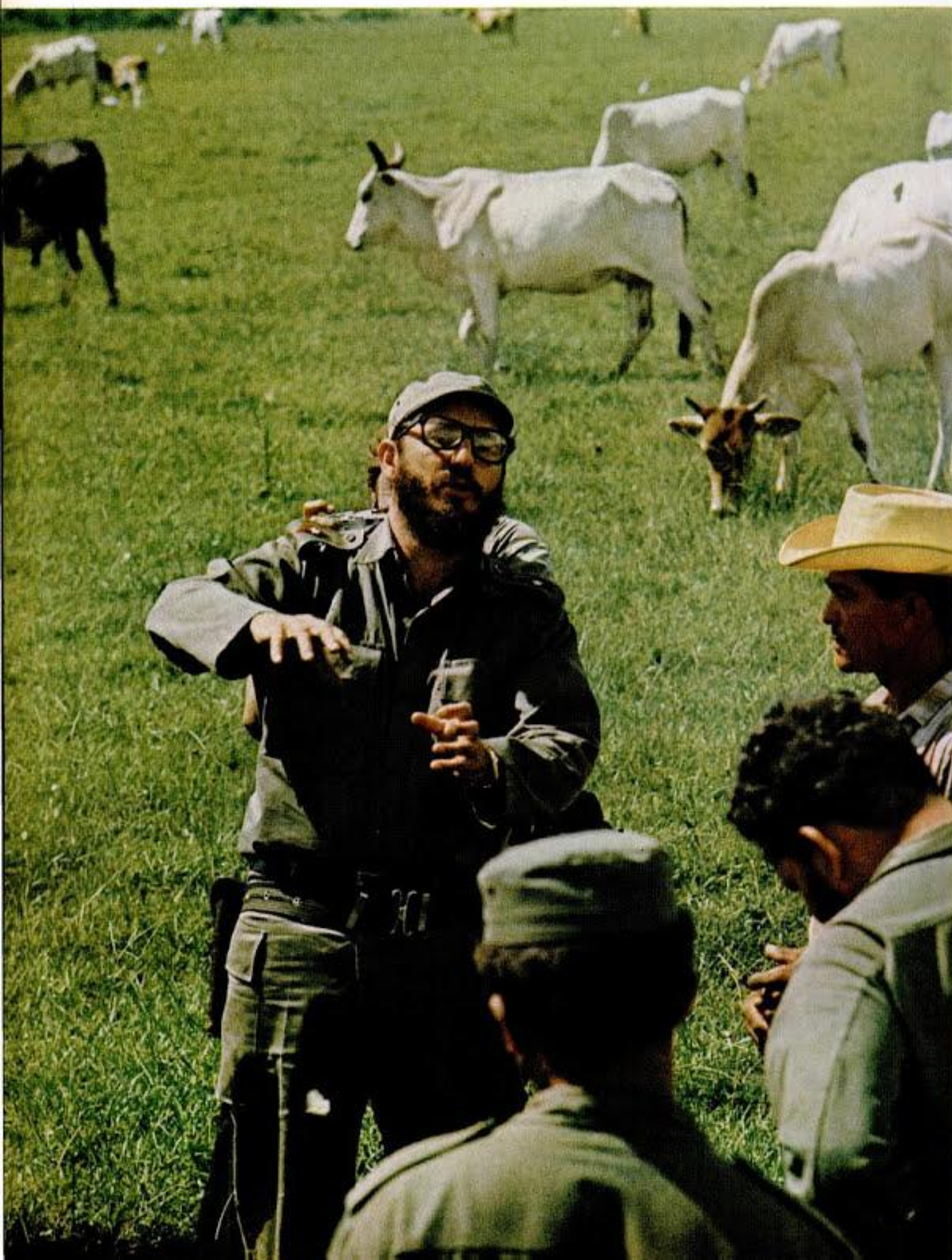


FIDEL PLAYS TO THE GALLERY ON A TOUR OF

Fidel Castro, an emotional and articulate man, plays up to his people with great vigor—and likes to demonstrate his skill at it. After he had celebrated his revolutionary 26th of July movement (LIFE, Aug. 7), he invited two LIFE photographers, Lee Lockwood and Grey Villet, to accompany him on what turned into an eight-day show of

grandstanding from one end of Cuba to the other. He took them to experimental pastures, led them through schools, and even popped in on a nightclub. At a cement plant he operated machinery, helped load heavy bags and talked for three hours with the workmen. He played baseball, went spearfishing and drew friendly crowds at all stops.

He also spent 35 hours in conversation with the photographers, hawking them on everything from fishing to U.S. politics to the meaning of man. By and large, the country looked ragged. But whatever the undercurrent of Cuban opposition to the regime, the photographers saw much evidence that to workers Castro is still the Maximum Leader.



BACK AT THE RANCH. At the family ranch in Pinar del Río where Fidel was raised, he discusses grass experiments to improve cattle production. The ranch was taken over by the state.

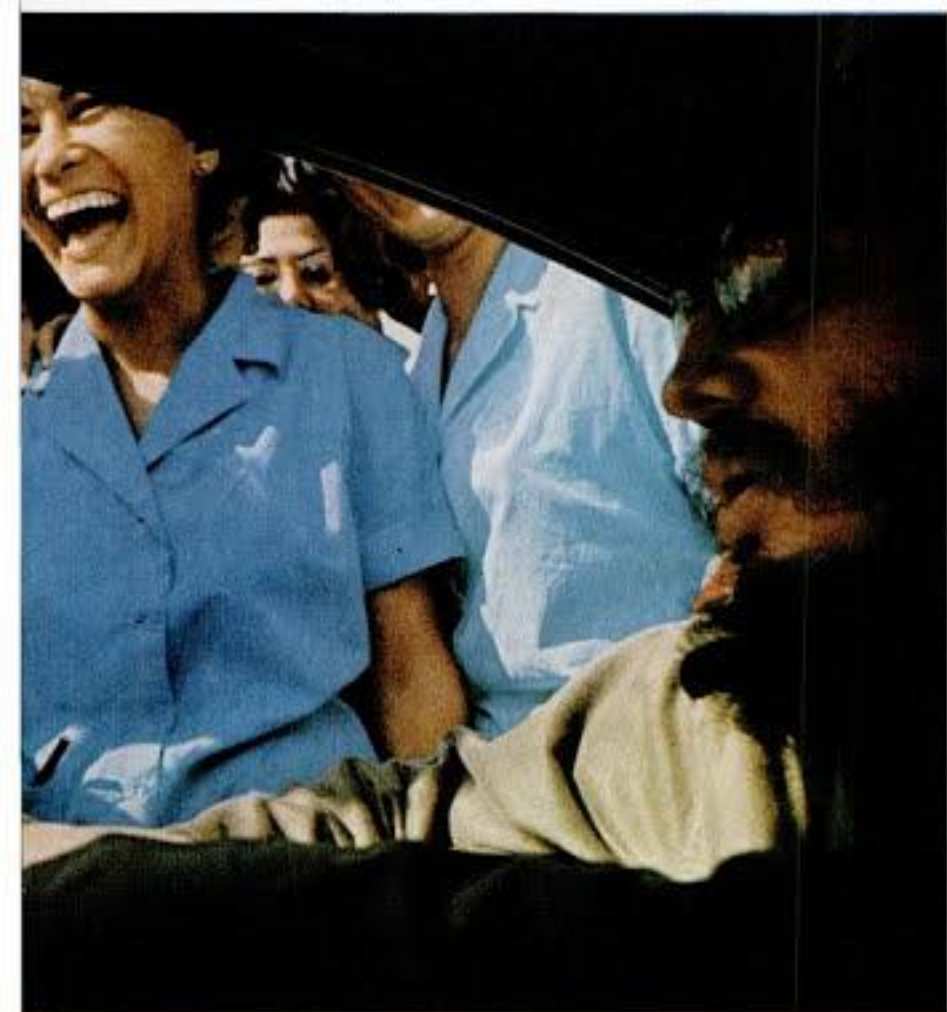


THE BACK COUNTRY



BY THE SEA. On Varadero Beach (above) near Havana, once reserved for tourists, Castro meets young skin divers. He enthralled them with accounts of his own diving and fishing.

AT SCHOOL. Young schoolteachers, themselves in training near Havana, shriek in delight at Castro's sallies. He ordered his car stopped for a curbside conversation that lasted an hour.



AT A WORKER'S RESORT. Castro's car drew attention everywhere. At Varadero Beach, occupants of state-

owned vacation apartments swarm onto balconies to greet the Maximum Leader—who replied with a speech.



'FATHER SENT HIM MONEY, SO DID THE WHOLE FAMILY'

TEXT CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

work and credit in our store during the dead season, after the sugar cane harvest and the cane grinding was over. We had about 500 *guajeros* on the farm, and Fidel seemed to feel that most of them were trying to rob my father.

While Fidel was still at the university, he fell in love with Mirta Diaz Balart. Father approved their marriage, gave them a splendid wedding and money for their honeymoon—three months of travel in the United States in a car Father bought for them. Later he gave them a house and supported them until Fidel got his law degree.

Fidel finally began to practice law, but he had very few cases and his clients were mostly poor. Father kept on supporting him—in fact, the whole family sent him money. In 1952, when Fidel ran for congressman on the Ortodoxo party ticket, it was Father who helped finance his campaign. The election was thwarted by Batista's coup.

After Batista seized power, Fidel lost interest in his law practice and became a devout revolutionary. With a group of followers, he tried to seize the Moncada Barracks on July 26, 1953 in an abortive attack that in retrospect was to become famous. He and my brother Raúl were lucky to be captured alive. At Fidel's trial he delivered a magnificent defense which was to become the credo of what he later called the July 26th Movement. I was very proud of his performance.

After Fidel and Raúl were released from the Isle of Pines jail in May 1955, Fidel began again to conspire against Batista. And once again the family gave him money and listened to his ideas.

Raúl did not have it so easy. When he went to Europe in 1953 and went behind the Iron Curtain to a youth congress in Prague, he ran out of funds. From Paris he asked Father for money. Father refused. I scraped up what savings I had and sent him enough to come back home. Father was furious with Raúl.

In general, I was always much closer to Raúl than to Fidel. The

revolution changed Raúl, certainly—he grew hard, even grim. But it also gave him a public image not altogether accurate: by reputation he was always the Communist, the more sinister and less humane of the Castro brothers. But I could always talk to Raúl, even in the worst days, and always he would listen. I was to talk with him about the problems of many people who were in trouble with the revolution, and in some cases he was to help a great deal.

Yet, looking back to Fidel's youth and early years as a revolutionary, it is hard for me to find even the hint of Communism. And when he was in the Sierra Maestra, trying to oust Batista, his motives seemed pure, and the people around him completely selfless.

Then, right after the downfall of Batista in the last days of 1958, we were all so overjoyed with Fidel's victory and filled with such hopes for the future that there was no room for doubts. I remember the day I set out with some friends for Santa Clara, in Las Villas province, to meet Fidel on his triumphal march to Havana. When I reached Santa Clara, Fidel was holding a press conference. He was surrounded by newsmen, cronies, soldiers. I barely had a chance to talk to him but we embraced and he kissed me. We didn't have to say anything. We were both so happy. The sight of Fidel amid the happy crowds was magnificent. All I thought about then was that the most cherished dreams

of the revolution were about to flower. I wanted to help Fidel.

The sinister directions being taken by the revolutionary government first really hit me one day in 1959 when I found, quite by accident, a piece of note paper with my name on it by the phone in Raúl's house. The note, in Raúl's handwriting and obviously a message given to him over the phone, read as follows:

"Pablo Fernandez Alegre went to the baptism of a child of Raquel Pérez and was accompanied by Juanita. He is often seen with her."

The message had been given to Raúl by one Odon Alvarez de la Campa, whose name had been written by Raúl, followed by a notation which said "G-2." I read and reread the note. My heart was in my mouth. I suddenly realized that even we members of the family were being watched and divided.

Shortly after this I had a terrible fight with Fidel. My sister Angelita had gone to try to help a friend who had been jailed, and with no warning had been placed under arrest herself. She demanded to use

CONTINUED



JUANA AS A CHILD. At age of 5, Fidel's younger sister smiled over a toy cat while a student at Santiago.



FUTURE DEFENSE MINISTER. Fidel's kid brother Raúl liked guns even at age 7. This was taken in Santiago.



THE TRAVELER. Newly 21, Fidel turned up in Panama in 1947—in the wake of anti-U.S. demonstrations.



BEARDLESS FIDEL. This was how the boy Fidel looked before graduation from Havana secondary school.



CLASS PICTURE. Fidel (third from right, top) poses with his Jesuit high school teacher and fellow students.

OUTDOORSMAN. An ardent swimmer, Castro shows a grouper that he speared skin diving off Varadero Beach.

'TO GET REVENGE HE CAME LATE FOR THE WEDDING'

CASTRO CONTINUED

the phone and, near hysterics, had called me.

I stormed to the jail to confront Comandante Abelardo Colome, who insisted Angelita's arrest had been ordered from higher up—specifically by Ramiro Valdes, a hard Communist whose star was then rising very fast. Unable to locate Valdes, I phoned Comandante Augusto Martínez Sánchez, Minister of Labor and one of Fidel's close Communist associates, and demanded Angelita's release. He refused, and in my anger I told him, "I regret you're not here before me so that I could empty a pistol in your belly." Then I hung up and went back to the jail at Ciudad Libertad.

"All of you are a bunch of filthy Communists," I told Colome. "If you can get away with this sort of thing with Fidel's family, just imagine what you can do against the rest of the Cubans!"

My sister was so upset that she asked me to stop. She would stay until her release. I went home and went to bed.

At 6 the following morning I heard the noise of many cars. It was Fidel with his escort, which surrounded the block. Fidel came storming into the house, very angry and looking as though he would strike me. After Mother had calmed him down somewhat, I asked him why he allowed Angelita's arrest. Instead of answering, he began talking of Comandante Martínez Sánchez and the danger I had brought on him: "Do you know that he flew at night in a small plane and landed in the dark so he could complain to me about you and the things you said?" he shouted. I told him I was concerned only about our sister. Again he avoided the subject.

"Why did you accuse the government of being Communist?" he asked.

"It's no accusation," I said. "It's the truth."

He grew calmer; we talked some more, but accomplished nothing.

I told him repeatedly that we loved him but could not stand by and see his people abuse power and inflict hardship. We walked together to the living room, where he rejoined his cohorts. He said goodbye to Mother, and on his way out he kissed me.

But the revolution's big turn

toward Communism still had not become apparent to me when Anastas Mikoyan came in February of 1960 to negotiate a trade agreement with Cuba. I was frankly baffled by his visit. What kind of help could the Soviet Union give us? In the discussions with friends, we sought an explanation for the accord Mikoyan reached with Fidel. We recalled Fidel's words: "We will never make a treaty with the country which caused the Hungarian massacre." We even blamed the United States for pushing Fidel into the arms of the Soviet Union for some mysterious reason of its own.

After Mikoyan left Cuba, I went to see Fidel. I had been working in the Ministry of Public Health since shortly after Batista's overthrow. We were building a new hospital and a school in Mayarí in Oriente province. I told Fidel that I was having trouble with some officials, and I also told him that in Oriente the Communists were taking hold in the labor unions. They were infiltrating everywhere—in the villages and in the cities. Despite the pact with Russia, despite his deep resentment of anything that smacked of anti-Communism, Fidel listened to me and reasoned with me:

"Look, Juanita, we must use these people. We must be politicians. One must have a left hand."

On February 24, following our talk, Fidel made a visit to Oriente. He met with the military chiefs of the province and asked them a lot of questions about their problems. I learned that he had ordered a number of Communists fired from their positions. This news seemed encouraging, but looking back, Fidel's crackdown was at best a tactical move—the backward step after the two steps forward.

It wasn't long before Fidel once again was denouncing anti-Communists as enemies of the revolution, calling them "divisionists."

I kept on seeing Fidel and Raúl, but we were chilly. They came to see my mother, who stayed with me whenever she came to Havana from her farm in Oriente. She would plead with them, tell them that with each new law they passed, new injustices were inflicted on a large number of Cubans. They invariably feigned surprise and exasperation: "Who did this? I'll take

some measures to change things." Sometimes they did rectify abuses; more often they did not.

After the completion of the hospital, I withdrew from all government activities. I was also busy helping to plan our sister Enma's wedding. She was to be married to Victor Lomeli Delgado on April 30 in Havana's cathedral. Fidel had promised to give her away. Enma was overjoyed because it had been her dream since childhood to have her wedding in the cathedral.

Two days before the wedding, Fidel, Raúl, "Ché" Guevara and Comandante Martínez Sánchez had a meeting about Enma's wedding. They decided that the wedding could not be in the cathedral, that it had to be in a "humble" parish, in keeping with Fidel's campaign to divide the Church.

At this, my blood boiled. I told Fidel: "It's Enma's wedding, not yours."

The next day Raúl came to my house to talk with Enma. He said he was speaking for Fidel and that we had to find a humbler church. Raúl stayed most of the day, presenting argument after argument against a wedding in the cathedral. By evening he had worn us down. Enma agreed to give up vows in the cathedral, and Raúl accepted my suggestion that the wedding take place in the church of San Juan de Letrán.

At about 3 in the morning of Enma's wedding day, Raúl got a call from Fidel. After they finished talking, Raúl turned to me angrily:

"Listen, how did it occur to you to hold the wedding at San Juan de Letrán? All the priests there are counter-revolutionaries. We found a cache of dynamite there. If anything happens to Fidel there we'll kill all the priests in Cuba."

"Look, chico," I snapped. "I am fed up with this, and whether Fidel likes it or not, our sister is being married in the cathedral. That's how Enma wants it, and that's how it's to be."



That's how it was—but Fidel had his small revenge. He arrived late for the wedding, and the people crowded around him and caused a great commotion just as Enma was saying her vows at the other end of the cathedral.

In May, *Prensa Libre*, one of the remaining newspapers in Cuba, had the gumption to engage in polemics with *Revolución*, Fidel's mouthpiece. Here Ramón, my older brother, who seldom got publicly involved in the new politics, challenged Fidel. Ramón was quoted in defense of *Prensa Libre*.

Revolución's reply to Ramón was quick and vicious. Among other things, it called Ramón an "unnatural brother" and lashed him up and down with personal insults. When I read the paper and saw how shaken Ramón was by its diatribe, I went to see Fidel. He received me with his customary kiss and embrace. I told Fidel that at least he could let Ramón thrash Carlos Franqui, the paper's editor.

Fidel looked at me and said, "Carlos Franqui had nothing to do with this. I wrote that."

As I left, speechless, I recalled his statement on the freedom of

the press and individual liberty: "When a newspaper is gagged, no other newspaper can feel secure. And when a man is persecuted for his political ideas, nobody can feel secure." I was filled with bitterness.

Life in Cuba grew increasingly grim during 1960 as new laws and new repressions went into effect. Fidel was very much in control of things. By the end of that year, I began to help the underground.

I did not work with any one organization, but I helped a number of them. I had many friends who were conspiring against Fidel. I made it a point to find out when the G-2 was looking for one of them, and tipped them off so they could hide or flee the country.

By the beginning of 1961, I began to hide operatives in my house in the Miramar section of Havana. I lived on the second floor with my cook and a helper for Mother, when she was there. There was always a risk that somebody would report me, or that Fidel or Raúl would learn all about the underground workers when they came to visit Mother. But my brothers were

very busy at this time. Fidel was predicting an American invasion, and the underground's sabotage kept him and Raúl on the alert practically around the clock. In those first months of 1961, it was clear that we were on the brink of something big and dramatic.

On April 15, bombers flew over Cuba. Friends and underground associates came to my house, and Havana reverberated with "bolas"—which is what we Cubans call rumors because they bounce around. I was told that all military leaves had been canceled, that all doctors had been called to duty in hospitals, that all scheduled surgery had been postponed. Then, at 7 in the morning of April 17, a rebel army officer, whom I'll call Antonio Pérez to shield him, came to the door of my house to say that invaders had landed from ships at Playa Girón—on the Bay of Pigs—and that a big battle was being fought. Fidel had gone there to assume personal command of the defense, according to Pérez' account. "The battle will be hard," he said.

By Wednesday it was evident that the invaders had been defeated, and everybody suspected of bearing the slightest enmity to Fidel was in for a great deal of trouble. Arrests became wholesale and indiscriminate. Thousands were hauled out of their homes and hiding places and jammed into prisons, theaters, schools and sports arenas. The government jailed doctors and cooks, priests and prostitutes—and many of its own people too.

As soon as the battle was over, people flocked to my house seeking help or refuge. My phone rang incessantly. It was pandemonium. I had hundreds of requests to find relatives of friends, to locate them and give them messages from their families.

I learned that several were in the Blanquita Theater. I got in my car and drove there. When I arrived, one of the militia guards on the street challenged me. I told him to get out of my way. He cursed me and said, "I hope a tree springs up just in front of your car and that you smash against its trunk."

I replied, "The curses of savages like you are not heard in heaven."

Then I parked the car and made my way into the theater. I found Jorge Q., whom I was seeking. I encountered many other prisoners

who asked me to give messages to their families. The scene was straight from Dante's hell. The prisoners were mostly women. I finally spoke to one of the officers in charge of the prisoners and was allowed to move with greater ease among the prisoners, picking up messages and phone numbers.

When I finally returned home, I got on the phone and relayed all the messages I could. For the next few days, I kept returning to the crowded prisons, searching for friends, and all the time seeing misery and anguish. It seemed to me that just about everything that could happen to a country had happened to Cuba.

But I had an even more shocking experience in store. Humberto Sori Marín, who had been one of Fidel's closest collaborators, had been arrested. He was found to be one of the heads of the underground working against Fidel. He was tried and sentenced to face the firing squad. One of his brothers told me that their mother was old and infirm, and asked me to try to comfort the old woman.

I learned that Fidel had promised to spare Sori Marín's life. So I went to visit the old woman and told her that her son would be saved. The next day Sori Marín was shot.

Several weeks after the Bay of Pigs, Fidel came to the house to see Mother, who had come from Oriente to visit me. He was in a jovial mood and he gave me the usual embrace. Then he eyed me and said, "I find you apathetic."

"I am apathetic," I told him. "I can have no enthusiasm for the revolution. It hasn't turned out the way I expected it to turn out."

If life before had been difficult, after the Bay of Pigs life became harsh. People fled Cuba in droves. The underground had been rendered helpless and ineffective as Fidel consolidated his power. In May he began religious persecution. His first measure was to decree the nationalization of all private schools, most of which were Catholic.

Fidel was very clever in choosing the period just after the invasion at the Bay of Pigs to make this drastic move. There is no denying that he had the rabble with him, for he had sown hatred of

CONTINUED

THE WEDDING PARTY AFTER THE FIGHT

Fidel had fought the plans of his sister Enma, 29 (lower left), to be married in the cathedral. When she insisted, he deliberately arrived late, smoking a cigar and creating a noisy stir as she took her vows. Though everybody was angry, the Castro family

—excluding the bridegroom—composed themselves long enough to pose for this picture. Seated with Enma are her mother, now dead, and Juana. Standing from left are Raúl, 33, sister Augustina, 25, brother Ramón, 39, Fidel and sister Angelita, 40.



'I THOUGHT SURELY FIDEL MUST BE A SUPERB ACTOR'



THE BROTHERS. As the family divided, Fidel and Raúl drew closer. Raúl often acts as Fidel's chauffeur

(above). Both men love baseball. In a recent game in Oriente province, Fidel (right) pitched to Raúl—who

collected two hits. Fidel's team lost, even though he demanded and got two extra innings to try to catch up.

CASTRO CONTINUED

the Church among them with his charisma and his demagoguery.

On Sept. 10, 1961, I went to the Church of La Caridad in Havana to take part in a procession of the Virgin of La Caridad. Auxiliary Bishop Eduardo Boza Masvidal, who had been very active in the fight against Batista and was just as active in the opposition to Fidel, had obtained a permit for the procession. I went there because I wanted to show my sentiments.

The procession had formed inside the church, but the militia and the security forces outside would not allow us to get much beyond the church's doors. The street called Calle Reina was filled with people. Suddenly a young Catholic Action youth named Arnaldo Socorro took hold of a large ensign of the Virgin. He was borne on the shoulders of some other youths, and they led us into the street. Two other boys marched beside the ensign carrying lighted candles. I fell in behind them, and we forced our way through the crowd opposite the procession. We managed to walk about half a

block and then the terrible noise of gunfire filled the street. I saw Arnaldo hit by a bullet and fall to the ground with the ensign of the Virgin.

I ran for the walls of the houses along the street, and, crouching, made my way to an open doorway where I sought shelter. From there I watched thugs try to break up the rest of the marchers, some using blackjacks, lengths of lead pipe, brass knuckles and sticks as they tried to disperse our people. When the firing stopped, I went out into the crowd and shoved, kicked, pinched and elbowed my way to my car.

That night, friends gathered at my house. We talked over the outrage we had suffered. But next day the controlled newspapers came out with a totally different version. They reported that the Catholics had started the shooting, said Arnaldo had been killed by one of us, and turned him into a martyr of the regime. Arnaldo's body was taken by the regime and buried with full state honors, to the ironic strains of *The Internationale*.

On Dec. 2, 1961 Fidel finally announced that he was and had al-

ways been a Marxist-Leninist. As I listened, I thought that surely he must be a superb actor. He had fooled not only so many of his friends, but his family as well. In his speech he said that he had been a Communist practically all his life. Yet how could Fidel, who had been given the best of everything, be a Communist? This was the riddle which paralyzed me and so many other Cubans who refused to believe that he was leading our country into the Communist camp. This ambivalent feeling he created among Cubans, and among many of his foreign admirers, had saved him from trouble time and time again. Yet here he was, at long last unmasking himself.

Shortly after Fidel made his admission, he began a weird withdrawal from public life. The man who seemed to be running Cuba was Anibal Escalante, a Communist party hack. Among my friends who used to come to my house, we called this period the "Anibalato." As 1962 began Escalante was on television, his picture ran in the papers more fre-

quently than Fidel's and more Escalante people were finding their way into positions of power. After a while, Fidel's name even disappeared from the newspapers. He was completely ignored. I knew only that he was well; I had no idea of the political significance of his silence.

But on March 26, 1962, Fidel re-emerged to speak on television, and from the beginning it was clear that the sole object of his speech was to destroy Anibal Escalante and put an end to the "Anibalato." It was done with finesse—Fidel was back in command. There was no hint until later of any reason for his temporary eclipse.

After the speech, Fidel came to my house. He arrived in fine fettle. Our mother was there, but there were a number of visitors in the house who were dead set against



his regime. He greeted Mother with a hug and a kiss. Then he turned to the rest of us.

"Did you watch me?" he asked. "How did I do?"

Nobody replied, so he turned and sat beside Mother. He was very flip. He talked to Mother about her farm.

"How many head of cattle do you have?" he asked her.

She told him. He said, "I'm afraid you're going to have to sell them all, Mother, because the second round of the agrarian reform is coming soon and if you don't sell all the cattle, we're going to have to take them away from you."

Mother was not in a mood for joking. "We'll see about that," she said.

In May, my mother had a heart attack and she came from Oriente to stay with me for good. Fidel

came to visit her only intermittently, but Raúl, when he returned from a two-week trip to Russia, came frequently. I would see the two of them around the house, greet them, exchange a few words with them, and then I would get away from them. Whenever Raúl came, he would spend most of his time with Mother.

Early that year I had learned from friends in the government, and from rebel army officers, that Fidel was expecting an increase in Russian arms, that Cuba's arsenal was to be replenished and fortified. I had also been informed that the number of Soviet and Iron Curtain technicians in Cuba was going to increase in 1962. My sources were reliable, so I alerted friends in the underground.

In the first few months of 1962, a Soviet camp materialized almost overnight directly across from the house of my sister Angelita, at El Chico, in the outskirts of Havana. I passed on the information I heard and reported what I saw to friends in the underground. I began to carry a .32 automatic. At home I kept three other guns—and a .45 Thompson submachine gun which I had taken from one of my brother's guards when he wasn't looking. I later gave the guns to underground operators who needed them for their activities.

By March of 1962, in the last days of Fidel's silence, I suspected that missiles were bound for Cuba, and by May we felt sure that bases were being selected and prepared. The first missiles were unloaded at Mariel and driven to their destination in the utmost secrecy. The

ships they came in were unloaded by the military. This part of the secret did not keep for long; finding the sites was much more difficult. The build-up continued in an increasing scale until the bulk of Soviet troops began to land in Cuba openly after May. I followed many a convoy of tremendous trailers driven by Russians. I counted the number of trailers, estimated the size, and tried to get an idea of their covered cargo. We spent months gathering information about shipments into Cuba, about troops, the volume of traffic on the roads. I had a friend staying in my house who often took photographs of the huge Russian trailers, but that was later—in August and September. His war name was "Toto," just as mine had been "Laura" and, when that became useless, "Emilia."

CONTINUED

HE SAID: 'THIS TIME I'M GOING TO LIQUIDATE JUANA'

CASTRO CONTINUED

I passed the information I collected to Cubans. I knew that the CIA infiltrated agents into Cuba, but if I ever dealt with a CIA man I never knew it. I knew that my reports were leaving the country, but I related what I knew to people in the various Cuban underground movements.

It is quite possible that Fidel, during the period of the "Anibalato," had remained silent because he was engrossed in making plans for placing the missile bases all around Cuba.

As the summer ended, the roads and highways of Cuba throbbed with military traffic. Cuban troops were on the move. Soviet convoys droned day and night. So heavy was the traffic that Cuba was suddenly beset with a rash of accidents—mostly caused by Soviet soldiers driving like madmen in their jeeps.

Some days before his birthday, on Aug. 13, Fidel called my house and told us that he would like to dine with the family. I picked the menu for him. I told the cook to prepare roast pork and to bake a peach cake. Although I was tempted, I didn't go out of my way to buy him delicacies available on the black market.

Fidel's birthday dinner took place at my new house. I had decided to move out of the house on 44th Street because the stairs were too much for my mother's weak heart. Raúl had helped me find a house, with two bedrooms, a patio, maids' quarters and a small room on the second floor. I had the only key to that room—and I kept my weapons there.

Fidel was in a good, jovial mood. When we sat down, he said, "Well, Juanita, where do you find all these fine foods?"

"Each of us finds the means to get them," I replied.

Fidel laughed. He was particularly curious about the peaches in the cake and asked where I had obtained them. I didn't answer. Then he asked, "Let's see, who are the revolutionaries in this family?"

My sisters and my mother said nothing, but I told him, "You must know, Fidel. You declared once that you and Raúl were the only revolutionaries."

He changed the subject, and addressed me again, jokingly.

"Well, Juanita," he said. "What are the *petits bourgeois* saying nowadays?"

I bantered with him because I didn't wish to offend him. Inevitably, he began to speak to us about the revolution and to extol its achievements.

Then I asked him, "And what about these strange people who are coming into the country?"

"They are friends of ours," he said, laughing.

In September of 1962 I decided to go to Mexico to see my sister Enma. Fidel not only assented, but he asked me to take some presents to friends of his in Mexico—a painting and cigars. When I left for Mexico, I carried, along with the presents, letters from several underground groups and complete reports on the latest information we had on the missiles in Cuba. Some of the missile reports were written. The rest of the information on the missiles was in my head. I did not hide the letters and the reports. I had them in my hand with my travel papers. I decided that if anything happened, I could hand them to Mother or somebody else and arouse no suspicion.

As soon as I reached Mexico, I mailed all the letters and the reports, mostly to addresses in Miami. What I memorized, I committed to paper and also put in the mail. I made no contacts in Mexico and did not discuss my activities with anybody. I returned to Havana after visiting Enma and completing my shopping in Mexico.

Suddenly, in late October, the missile crisis was upon us like a nightmare—and was resolved amid confusion and contradictions.

Then I read in *Revolución*, with great surprise, that Khrushchev had ordered the withdrawal of the missiles in Cuba. Fidel's paper was contradicting Fidel, who still claimed that there were no missiles in Cuba. All the signs indicated Fidel was furious with Khrushchev. The radio suddenly began to announce Fidel's commands as orders from the "Commander-in-Chief."

After the crisis was over, I went to see Raúl—not about missiles but about the G-2's attempts to frame me. I went to his house on Zapata and 26th streets. I sat with him and told him what I had heard from my informer on my return from Mexico.

"What I want to avoid is a frame-up," I said.

He promised to investigate and

let me know as soon as possible.

In the middle of December I fell sick with a virus. Raúl came to see me on Dec. 23. I asked him news, and he sat down and told me a lot of political gossip. He also told me he had looked into the attempt by G-2 to frame me, and urged me to forget the whole thing.

"It's not important," said Raúl. "If you want to confront the agent, I'll be glad to arrange it. But I urge you to forget it."

After he left, he sent some medicine I required. He kept phoning to ask how I was and if I needed anything. I stayed in bed until Jan. 15.

After I recovered I went again to Mexico to see my sister. I returned to Cuba in the middle of February with Enma and her two children. They stayed at my house. Shortly after that, Mother fell ill again. She was taken to Sacred Heart Hospital. That very same night Raúl and Fidel came to see her. Mother recovered well enough to be released from the hospital and convalesce at my house. Enma returned to Mexico. But in the early evening of Aug. 6, Mother complained of severe chest pains. She died before the doctor arrived. I called Fidel and Raúl, and they rushed to the house with their escorts. Fidel arrived with President Osvaldo Dorticos, Blas Roca, Carlos Rafael Rodríguez—all Communist chieftains. Their entrance was ironic, for already the house was filled with counter-revolutionaries—anti-Communists, or as Fidel called them, *gusanos* (worms).

When Raúl arrived he cried like a baby. However Fidel did not shed a tear while he was in the house.

"How did it happen?" he asked like a G-2 man.

I took Fidel to one side and asked him to please send a plane to Mexico to bring Enma to Cuba for Mother's funeral. He refused.

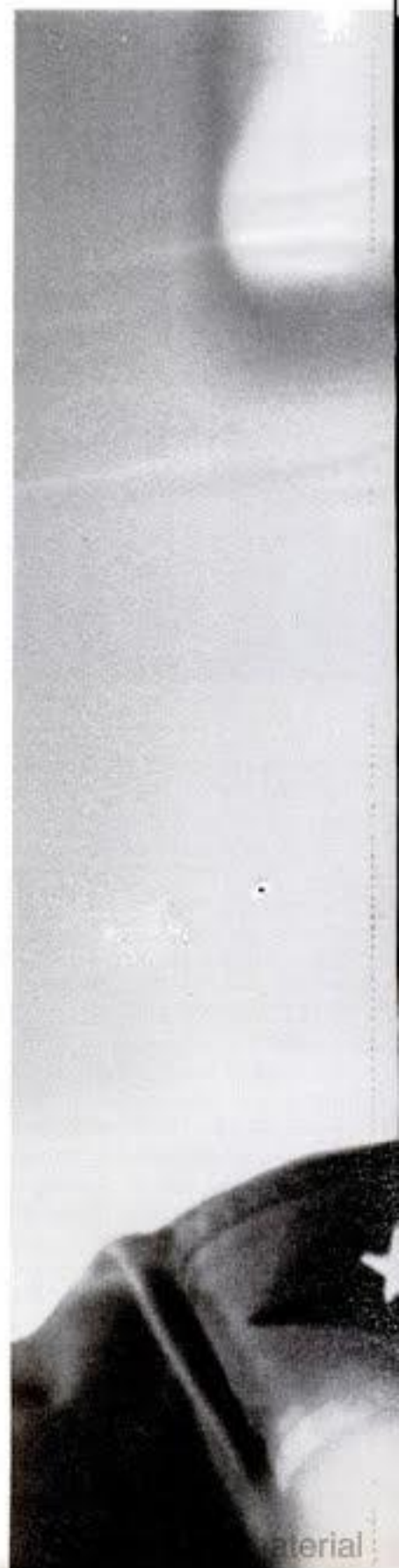
I discussed funeral arrangements with my brothers and sisters. Our mother had always wanted to be buried in Oriente beside my father. Fidel nodded and said Mother's body and the family could be flown to Oriente for the funeral. Then he changed his mind, insisting that the body and the family

would have to go to Oriente by train. Raúl would ride with us. Fidel, of course, would fly.

It was a 20-hour train ride to Oriente. No sooner did we arrive at Central Marcané than Fidel said Mother should be buried at once. My brother Ramón flatly refused. We held the wake in his house, with more than 700 G-2 men on hand to guard Fidel. He was surrounded by Communist officials—Blas Roca and the rest. Yet two priests, old friends of my mother who had been asked to conduct the funeral rites, were kept waiting outside the house. The moment we began to pray, Fidel and the Communists abruptly left the room where the wake was being held. My mother's brother, Alejandro Ruz, arrived late and had trouble getting past the guards.

The only thing the G-2 didn't do was search the mourners.

MOODY LEADER. Wearing the white stars of a *comandante*, highest rank in his army, Castro sips wine in Camagüey and peers pensively into his and his country's indefinite future.



Right after the funeral, Fidel went to Mother's *finca* and held what amounted to a political rally. He called all the *guajiros* on her farm and grandly announced that he was going to turn the farm into an experimental station for their benefit.

On Sept. 15 I made a trip to Oriente, to my mother's farm to bring back her personal effects with me. When I arrived at the house, I found it under military guard. The officer in charge told me he had orders to let nobody in, not even members of the family. I paid no attention to the order and marched inside. The guard called Fidel to tell him I was there.

Fidel told the guard to arrest me. I refused to be arrested, and the guards did not dare. "Why can't I be here?" I asked. They had no answer.

My brother Ramón told me that

both Fidel and Raúl were flying to Holguín, en route to Mother's *finca*. Ramón begged me to leave the house before Fidel got there. I told him, "I'm waiting right here for him. It's my house."

Fidel arrived in Holguín in the afternoon of Sept. 15, but he never came to the *finca*. He spent the night at Ramón's house.

The next day Ramón phoned me and reported that Fidel had shouted, before Raúl, Ramón's wife and Fidel's bodyguard, that he could not permit anybody to sabotage the revolution as I had done. "This time," Fidel had announced, "I'm going to liquidate Juana."

I left for Havana the next day, fully aware that my troubles were only beginning. From the moment that Mother died, my freedom—and my safety—were in peril.

The morning after my return to

Havana I was given a quick example of what was to come. Noelia León, who ran the private homes confiscated by the government in the Miramar section of Havana, appeared at my door. She told me I had to abandon my house at once and turn it over to her. I told her to get out: "If Fidel wants to oust me, tell him to come himself."

She argued for a while, then left. I stayed in my house.

On Nov. 6, at about 3:30 in the morning, I was awakened by a noise outside my house. I went to the door and found the house surrounded by armed G-2 agents. One of the officers told me that by orders of the prime minister they had come to look for four wanted men.

As we argued, another contingent of G-2 arrived. The discus-

sion lasted for about an hour. Then all of a sudden the G-2 received orders to withdraw. The officer apologized before leaving. I was adamant and brazen; I had learned that this was my only defense. But the odds against me were growing longer and longer. My phone was tapped. Most of us, at least those who were closely identified with me, had burned out our days in Cuba. The time had come to make plans to leave Cuba and continue the fight against my brother outside the country. I obtained a visa to Mexico and on June 20, 1964 boarded a plane in Havana for Mexico City. Fidel made no attempt to stop me.

Now I am away from Cuba, and I am dedicated to Fidel's—my own brother's—overthrow and, God forgive me, to his destruction. Cuba, my country, must be freed of his tyranny.



LIFE

on the Newsfronts of the World



Lady Bird becomes Dagak-Deedit-Chish

Scouting up votes for Great White Father L.B.J. in some of the West's most solid Goldwater territory, Lady Bird got a new handle from the Crow Indians. Dagak-Deedit-

Chish (Pretty Walking Bird) they named her, in an adoption ceremony near Billings, Mont. Then she danced in the tribal gym with her adopted mother, Evelyn Old Elk.





U.S. trailer park in Red Square

Give an American tourist a pickup and a trailer and there's no place he won't go. Moscow? In just 11 months aboard their 34 dreadnoughts, this hardy band made it all the way to Red Square and wheeled up to St. Basil's Cathedral. After their Russian sightseeing they'll jounce down to Lisbon.

Cassius sounds off again—'I do!'

Even with all that money and those nifty clothes, Boxer Cassius Clay found that life as champ wasn't complete. What he really needed, decided "The Greatest," was not another TV set for the car, but a wife. Last week in Chicago he took one: Sonji Roi, 24, who is, like Clay, a Black Muslim.

CONTINUED



Soviet combo's fade-out in Tokyo

On stage in Tokyo all was gaiety. But for two of Russia's touring Bolshoi variety troupe (*above*), things were not as merry as they looked. Drummer Boris Midney (*left*), 27, and Bass Violinist Igor Berekshitis (*center*), 31, said they were going to get their instruments repaired. Instead they fled to the U.S. embassy for asylum—because, they said, "there is no freedom for musicians in our country."

A liberation beach —20 years later

The occasion (*below*) was all Gallic grandeur, a presidential tour of invasion beaches commemorating the liberation of France 20 years ago. In the Toulon harbor was much of the French fleet and on hand were platoons of military officials. But Charles de Gaulle was too much of a politician—and a Frenchman—not to give first attention to the bikini-draped partisans who surrounded him on the beach.





The young man and the sea



News of the boy's epic struggle spread around the Patrick Air Force Base, Fla. and a crowd gathered to watch. Fishing from the pier one evening, 15-year-old Tom Joyner had hooked onto something really big that refused to be hauled in. At twilight his adversary was still thrashing and churning 200 yards out. The night brought a numbing cold front. Huddled in a blanket, Tom held on and refused all offers of help. At last the sun came up, but his prey still refused to budge. He played the line and hung on through 90° heat and then, during an afternoon thunderstorm, enlisted the help of a boat to reel in his trophy after a harrowing 19-hour tug-of-war. It was a frighteningly ugly 375-pound sting ray.





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Gaines-burgers—the one for the road.

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balanced formula gives your dog everything he is known to need—and like! Beef, a vegetable, milk solids, minerals, vitamins.

So next time you travel, make it easy on yourself. And your dog. Take him along—with Gaines-burgers, the one for the road.

Gaines-burgers—the canned dog food without the can.

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Lamb experiment may help save human babies

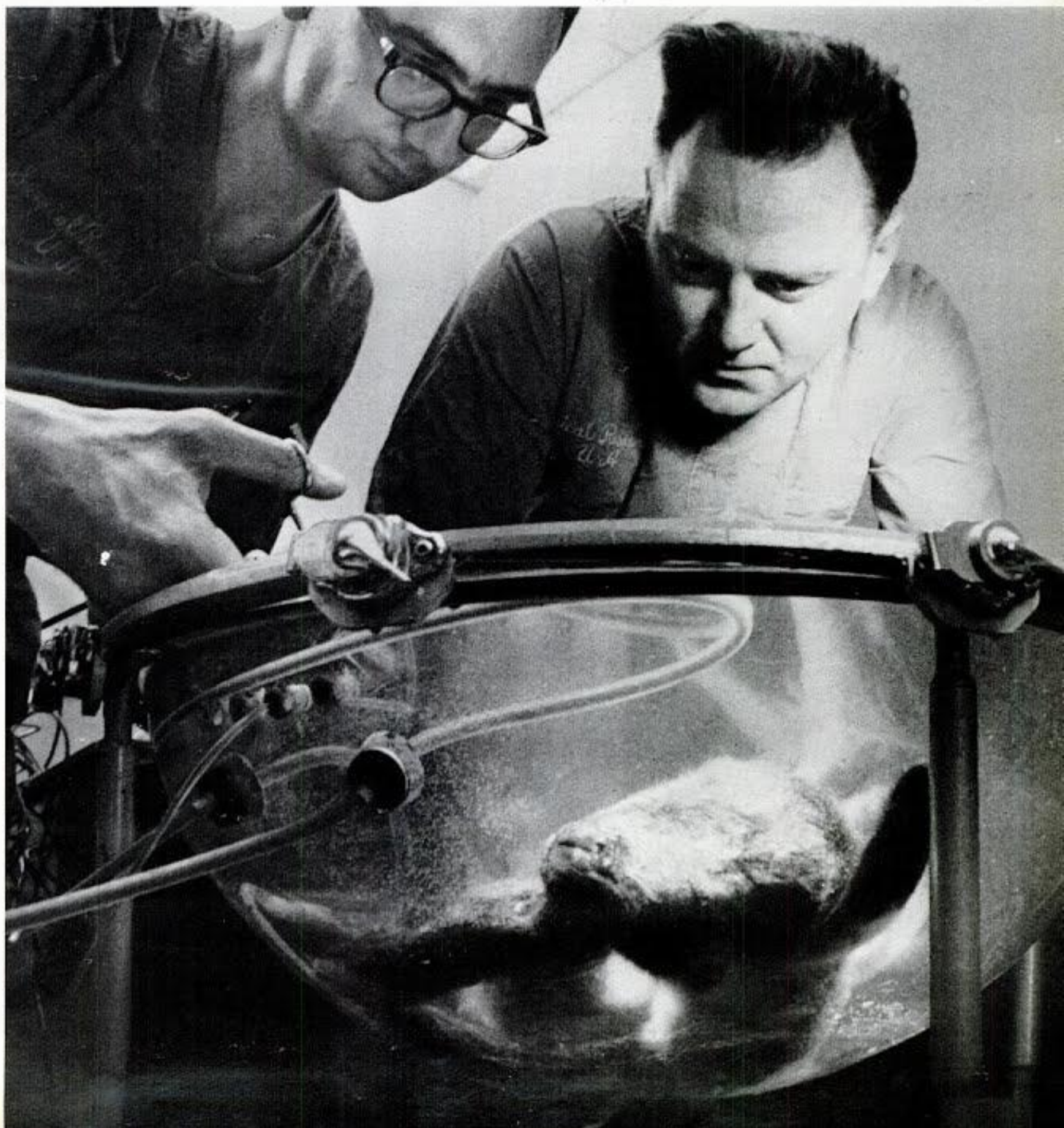
Alive in an Artificial Womb

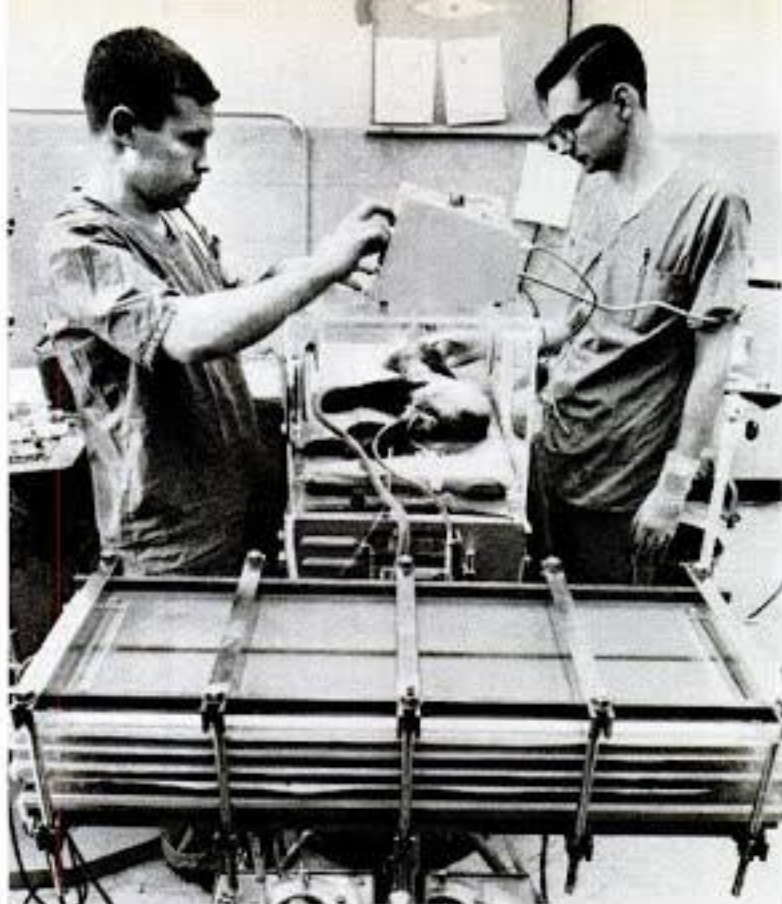
This baby lamb, lying submerged in a solution of sugar and salts in a plastic basin, has not yet been born. Dr. John C. Callaghan (right) of the University of Alberta, at Edmonton, had removed it from its mother by Caesarean section a few days before it was due to be born and popped it into the liquid before it had a chance to draw its first breath or bleat its first cry. It is getting its oxygen the same way it did from its mother—through its umbilical cord. But the cord is attached to plastic tubes which in turn are connected to a new type of heart-lung

machine. This machine performs the oxygenating function of the placenta, the organ through which unborn mammals—sheep or human beings—receive oxygen and food from their mothers.

The main purpose of the experiment is to devise ways of improving heart-lung machines that are standard equipment in many hospitals. Dr. Callaghan uses lambs because they are in plentiful supply in Alberta and also are about the same size as human babies and have similar physiological needs. Though some of his woolly subjects are

postnatal, he has found it more convenient to work with unborn ones which require less oxygen and are much less apt to kick over the traces. Because existing heart-lung machines tend to damage blood after five or six hours, they are used mainly during surgery and never as a life-giving aid to premature babies. While Callaghan has no intention of using his artificial womb on humans, he hopes to perfect a heart-lung machine that oxygenates blood so gently that premature babies with lung ailments can be kept alive until they can breathe on their own.



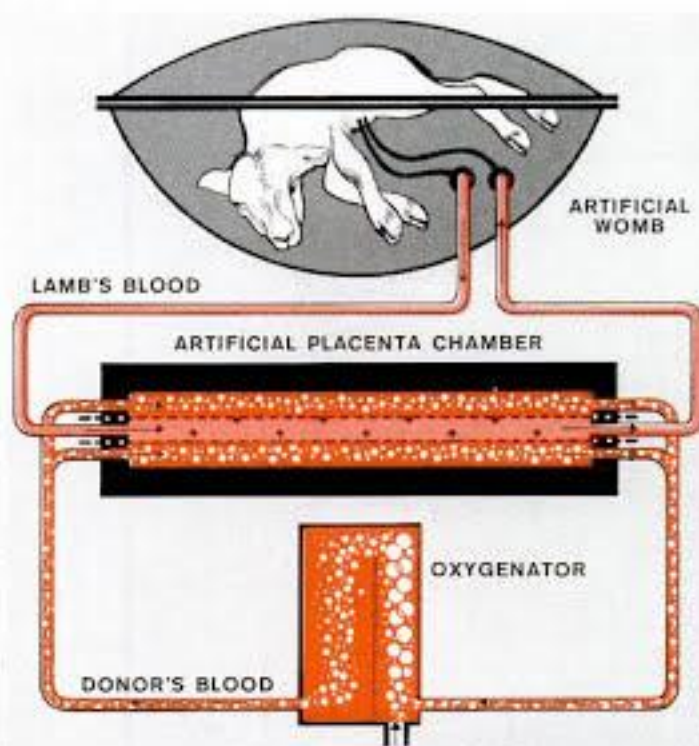


WOMB CONTINUED

How the Machine Works

In the photograph above, the artificial placenta (*foreground*) supplies oxygen to a one-day-old lamb which simulates a premature human baby with respiratory trouble. The machine consists of lucite-walled chambers stacked one on top of the other. Diagram shows how it works with an unborn lamb. The lamb lies inside a plastic bubble filled with liquid simulating the amniotic fluid in a mother's womb. Tubes connect an artery and vein in the lamb's umbilical cord with the chambers of the artificial placenta. Each chamber is 30 inches long and a foot wide but only a few hundredths of an inch thick.

It is subdivided by two porous membranes (*broken lines*) into three thin layers. The oxygenator at bottom bubbles oxygen (*arrow*) directly into a donor ewe's blood (*dark red*) which then flows through the two outer layers in each lucite chamber. The lamb's blood (*light red*) passes through the central layer, sandwiched between the layers of richly oxygenated ewe's blood. The two blood systems do not mix together but the oxygen (*arrows*) diffuses a few molecules at a time through the minute pores of the membranes into the lamb's blood and circulates back into the lamb in its plastic bubble.



Once a lamb is "born," it must be bottle-fed—to the vast delight of 3-year-old Heidi Hug, daughter of Dr. Callaghan's assistant.





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Have You Declared EVERYTHING?

by CARL MYDANS

During 28 years of travel as a photographer-writer for LIFE, Carl Mydans has survived U.S. Customs inspection almost 200 times.

In the next few weeks hundreds of thousands of returning Americans will face a U.S. Customs inspector and have put to them that disquieting question: "Have you declared everything?"

But now, they'll be cheered to discover, the U.S. Customs Service is at last doing something to make this encounter less of an ordeal—a decision that happens to coincide with the 175th anniversary of the founding of the service by President George Washington and the First Congress. New directives have gone out to the stalwart inspectors, saying, in effect, "Do your duty, but with a twinkle in your eye." There is a new philosophy, based on an assumption that most people, like George Washington, cannot tell a lie.

The methods of U.S. Customs inspectors have been long and roundly damned by travelers, especially by American citizens who have passed so casually through the customs of other countries. In France, for example, so painful is pidgin French to the ears of most inspectors that they usually wave U.S. tourists straight through rather than discuss the matter at hand.

It's when Americans head home that the suitcases fly open. "They look at you as though you were a criminal," goes the old complaint. "They ask, 'Are you sure that's all?' Then no matter what you answer they tear into every bag you own, sometimes into some very personal things." To which rejoins U.S. Commissioner of Customs Philip Nichols Jr.: "It's our duty."

As it happens, it is the U.S. Department of Agriculture which insists on the open-every-bag rule. Agriculture is a silent partner in the baggage search because it

wants to enforce its quarantine on certain foreign plant and animal products.

Of all the federal bureaus and agencies, probably none is spread thinner than the Customs Service. With only 2,700 inspectors to do the job, it must police every U.S. port of entry and international air terminal, as well as the entire 25,500-mile land and sea borders of the continental United States, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands. Yet so efficiently does Customs do its job that it produces more money for the government than any other source except the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

To help make up for what it lacks in manpower, Customs uses many modern devices. One vacationing couple, arriving back at

Kennedy International Airport in New York City, were astonished to see two inspectors waving wands over their suitcases. Both sticks zoomed in on the woman's handbag and began to click like angry rattlesnakes. "Open that bag, lady," said one inspector. Embarrassed and apprehensive, she opened it. The source of the Geiger-counter alarm was quickly located: an old watch with a luminous face, which the travelers had carried as a bedside timepiece. "We're so grateful," said the woman, with frosty sarcasm. "I looked everywhere for that watch and had given it up for lost."

Even though people are henceforth deemed honest by administrative decree, Customs is still in business to catch the ones who aren't. These fall into two general

categories—the amateurs and the pros. The latter are the dope runners and large-scale smugglers of such valuables as gold, diamonds and watch parts. The amateurs are people who can't seem to resist treating Customs as though it were some kind of game in which the object is not so much to save a few dollars as to outwit the inspector. What some amateurs don't realize is that cheating Customs is a very serious offense and that being caught can be both embarrassing and expensive. At the minimum a cheater risks a fine equal to the stateside price of the smuggled article plus the price once again if he wants to keep it rather than forfeit it.

"Some of our best people are smugglers," says one Customs officer. "The most affluent tourists are the ones most likely to try to defraud the government. We call them 'respectable cheats.'"

How does an inspector spot the respectable cheat? Let us watch a Mr. and Mrs. S., well-to-do churchgoing Midwesterners, leaders of their community, winding up their grand tour of Europe at Kennedy Airport. Draped with cameras and coats and paper shopping bags, and pushing their luggage in supermarket carts, they struggle up to the conveyor belt at the Customs check-out. They say little and are visibly under a strain. "Are these all your bags?" the inspector asks. His eyes are keen. Mr. and Mrs. S. nod. "Is this everything?" he persists. They both say yes.

He asks what goods they have acquired—and mark well that word *acquired*—on the trip abroad. They point to several items. Again

CONTINUED



Tense moment for returning tourists always comes when they must open baggage for inspection at U.S. Customs checkpoints like this one at pier in Miami.



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How the inspectors spot the cheaters

CUSTOMS CONTINUED

he asks, "Is that *all*?" They give each other a quick glance and mutter yes. Then, looking directly at the coat over Mrs. S.'s arm, the inspector asks: "Did you buy that abroad?"

"I've worn it," she replies. "It's not new," her husband adds.

"That doesn't answer my question," the Customs man says. "Did you acquire that coat abroad—on this trip?" He reaches for it and examines the label.

"Yes, but I've worn it," Mrs. S. says again.

"I asked if you had declared everything you *acquired* abroad and you said yes. You did not include this coat. It makes no difference whether you've worn the coat or not. Now, take everything out of that bag."

His voice has a new tone of authority and severity. A supervisory inspector now stands behind him. Mr. S. says something sharp to his wife which sounds like "... I told you so. . . ."

Later they sit morosely in the taxi that is taking them to their hotel. Their holiday has been ruined. And the coat, which had originally cost \$220 in Paris, and on which they would have paid \$46 duty had it been declared, has now cost them \$720.

"Why did he pick on us?" asks Mrs. S. "It was just bad luck," Mr. S. replies. "Or maybe this was one of those days he just felt like picking on somebody." He was wrong on both counts.

The fact is that Mr. and Mrs. S. had plainly displayed guilt. This largely explains why one traveler will get through with only a cursory inspection while another gets taken apart almost stitch by stitch.

"We examine by experience and instinct," says Miami Chief Inspector Preston Rice. "And, of the two, instinct is the more important quality in a Customs inspector. As often as not, it accounts for what might seem to be a snap judgment."

Inspectors have learned to watch for two types of behavior that almost automatically spell violation. "Beware of the guy who greets you quoting all the regulations," says one veteran Customs man, "and beware of the dumb bunny who doesn't know nothing."

Some inspectors judge a traveler by the way his bags are packed. "A bag jammed full in a special kind of disorder or in a certain

pattern of order means something to us," says one. "When we pass our hand over a bag or into it, we are quite certain where something not intended to be seen is most often placed. There are not many ways to hide even a small article."

The things a traveler has purchased may alert the examiner. If, for example, a woman declares a new pair of shoes, the inspector looks for a matching dress. If she has acquired a sweater, he'll look for a matching skirt.

"And when we see a hotel towel or an airline glass in someone's bags," said an inspector, "that tells us enough about that passenger to give him the full treatment."

A traveler's manner of dress is a controversial measurement. Some inspectors feel it is a hallmark of character; others are doubtful and say that it often misleads.

All agree on nervousness. And it comes in two varieties. One is the natural ill-at-ease look that almost any person has when he feels himself put on the defensive by officialdom. The other is the look of guilt that is unmistakable to an inspector who has spent years matching baggage against declarations.

Mainly, though, it is how the traveler answers questions that determines whether the inspector will touch a bag lightly or dig in with both hands. Says Miami Inspector Albert Volensky, "I always begin by asking, 'What's the total cost of everything you have acquired abroad?'—we no longer say 'purchased.' The sweater a man's wife has bought in London and given him as a gift, or the bracelet she is wearing, bought by her husband in Paris and given her as a gift, does not fall outside the regulations. The items are still imports and are still subject to duty, although they were not technically purchased by the owner."

"My next question is loaded: 'Point out to me,' I say, 'the most expensive item you have acquired abroad.' If someone shows me a watch which he says cost him \$90 and I know it cost \$175 (it's our business to know costs), he's started me on a thorough search. But if the price of the item is fair, I place him immediately in a different category."

Of all the stratagems travelers think up to avoid customs payments, the fraudulent bill of sale annoys the inspector most. This document is simply a piece of

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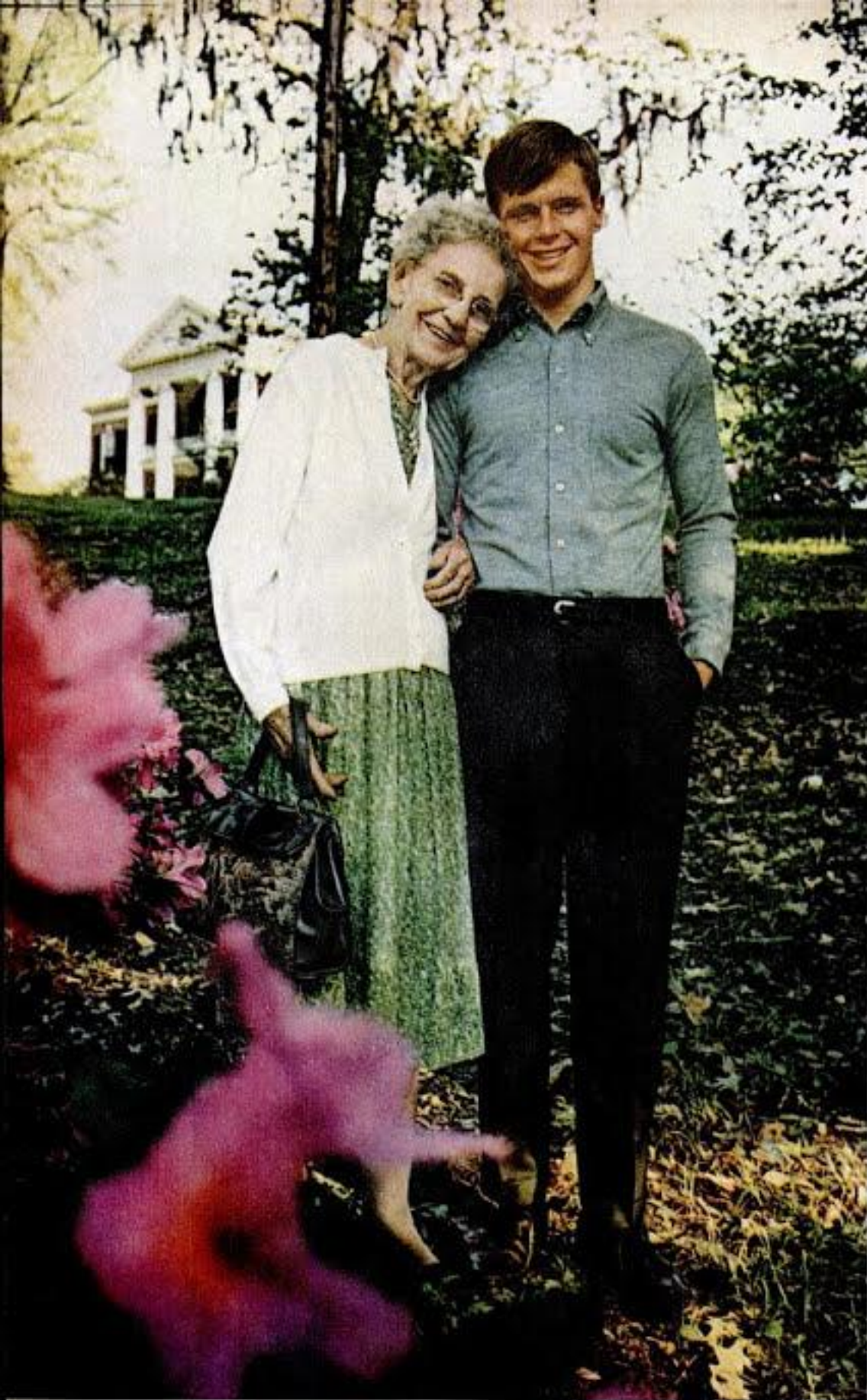
Lasagna as they make it in Naples ...from your kitchen

Lasagna is one of Italy's great dishes. It's also very complicated to make. But not for you. You can have it ready in minutes, down to the last detail. Because I put all you need in one package; wide, wavy egg noodles, grated cheese aged to an exciting taste, and over a pound of my hand-stirred, slow-simmered Italian sauce laced with lean ground beef and flavorful spices. Result: Lasagna as they make it in Naples. As you listen to compliments on your Italian cooking, let it be our secret you did it the convenient Chef Boy-Ar-Dee way.

Hector Boiard, Chef



Chef Boy-Ar-Dee® Lasagna



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Wear-Dated™ shirts and slacks—the right clothes for real people.

Word of what you buy beats you home

CUSTOMS CONTINUED

fiction composed by a shopkeeper which says you've paid less than he charged you. "Every shopkeeper in Paris and Rome and Hong Kong who writes up these bills of sale knows we won't accept them," says a supervisory inspector. "They all know perfectly well that the customer is heading for trouble. A fraudulent bill of sale is a failure to declare, and this is one of the most serious violation in the process of passing through United States Customs."

If sometime, when you are waiting your turn in the inspection line, you see a Customs officer suddenly joined by a supervisor and an exceptionally intense search has begun—needles being probed into linings, the stitching of bags being scrutinized, or someone and all his luggage being hauled off to an enclosed area, the chances are you are watching the results of a tip-off from an informer.

The U.S. Customs Service has undercover agents in many foreign countries who routinely notify their colleagues back home to be on the lookout for a particular passenger. Most tips, however, come from informers whose sole interest is in a reward. Such people make it their business to find out about your purchase and pass the word to U.S. Customs. For this they are paid 25% of the value of any undeclared merchandise that their tips uncover. Often the tipster is the very man who sold the expensive watch, diamonds or the large order of clothing in the

first place. He may even have written the fraudulent bill of sale. He sends precise information, sometimes including the would-be smuggler's home port of entry and arrival time. Some experienced travelers who think they know all about informers try to beat the game by giving shopkeepers fictitious names and travel plans. But in the small world which encompasses the American tourist in Europe or Asia or Africa, most Customs informers have a network of intelligence that is almost impossible to slip through.

There is another breed of informer who acts solely out of malice and whose tips are usually anonymous. These leads cannot be ignored by Customs, even though they often turn out to be false. Thus, the innocent as well as the guilty may be given a thorough going-over—unknowing victims of vengeful ex-wives or jealous friends.

Though Customs is as vigilant as ever, the new effort to be pleasant is already evident at the checkpoints. As Commissioner Nichols says, "Most people are honest at heart. This is our new official attitude."

So the next time you reach the head of the line in a Customs enclosure, remember the cheery inspector behind the counter will take you for innocent—unless you give him reasons to think otherwise.

Anthing, repeat *anything*, acquired by a traveler while he is out of the U.S.—even such items as this 2,000-year-old Mexican artifact—must be declared.

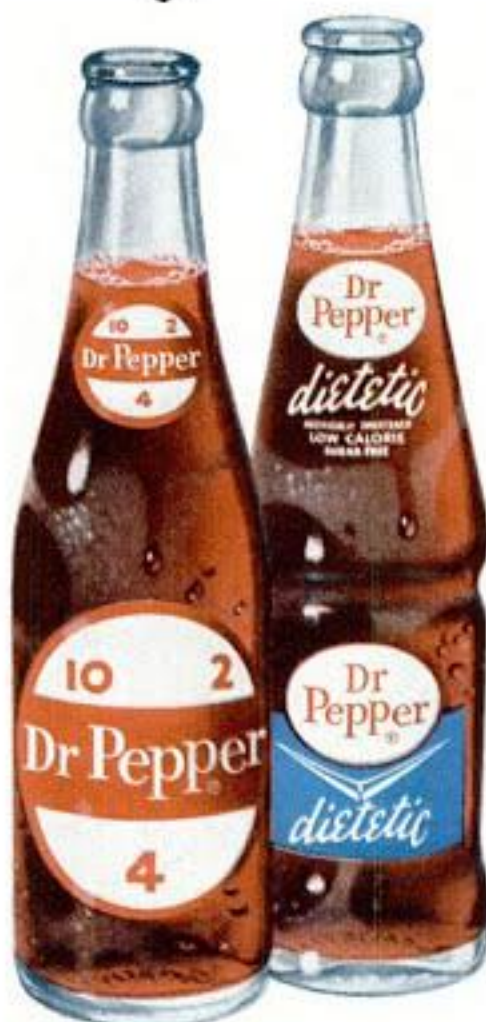




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Are mothers getting younger or do they just look that way? She, for one, has that fresh, wholesome quality, the bright and shining hair that just naturally keeps a woman looking prettier, younger—as though she's found the secret of making time stand still. And in

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After-dark fashions by top U.S. designers are
as radiant as the Fair

FALL ELEGANCE

America's fall fashion season is going to be its most elegant ever, rivaling the Paris couture. Seen in fanciful juxtapositions against the nighttime fantasy of the New York World's Fair—in mirror-image photography that sometimes makes the models look airborne—these after-dark clothes by top U.S. designers are as colorful and varied as the Fair landscape itself. Some of the outfits are floor length

and some are startlingly short. They range from tailored wool to airy chiffon. Some are paved with beads and others are starkly unadorned. They are exquisitely made, often in costly fabric, and most come with prices to match. But affluent America still loves bargains, and less expensive versions of these original designs will be in the stores long before the Fair closes for the winter in October.

Photographed for LIFE by Howell Conant



Suspended in the shimmer of night lights is a sheath of sequins from Matty Talmack (\$1,395) worn with long, dangling, rhinestone earrings (KIL). Thrown over the shoulder is a man's huge silk scarf 10 feet long.

Hovering by the towers of the New York State Pavilion, this wool dress (\$650) is studded with rhinestones and worn with wool coat (\$375)—both by Bud Kilpatrick. The earrings and the fake-pearl ring are by KIL.





This jet-buttoned evening coat, gliding into the fireworks display at the Pool of Industry, was designed by Jacques Tiffeau for Monte-Sano & Pruzan (\$600). It is worn with jeweled domed cap.

Luminous in the midst of the rainbow-hued walls of the Tower of Light (right), Gustave Tassell's brocade outfit (\$650) is worn with a tailed ostrich-feathered headdress, also his own design.



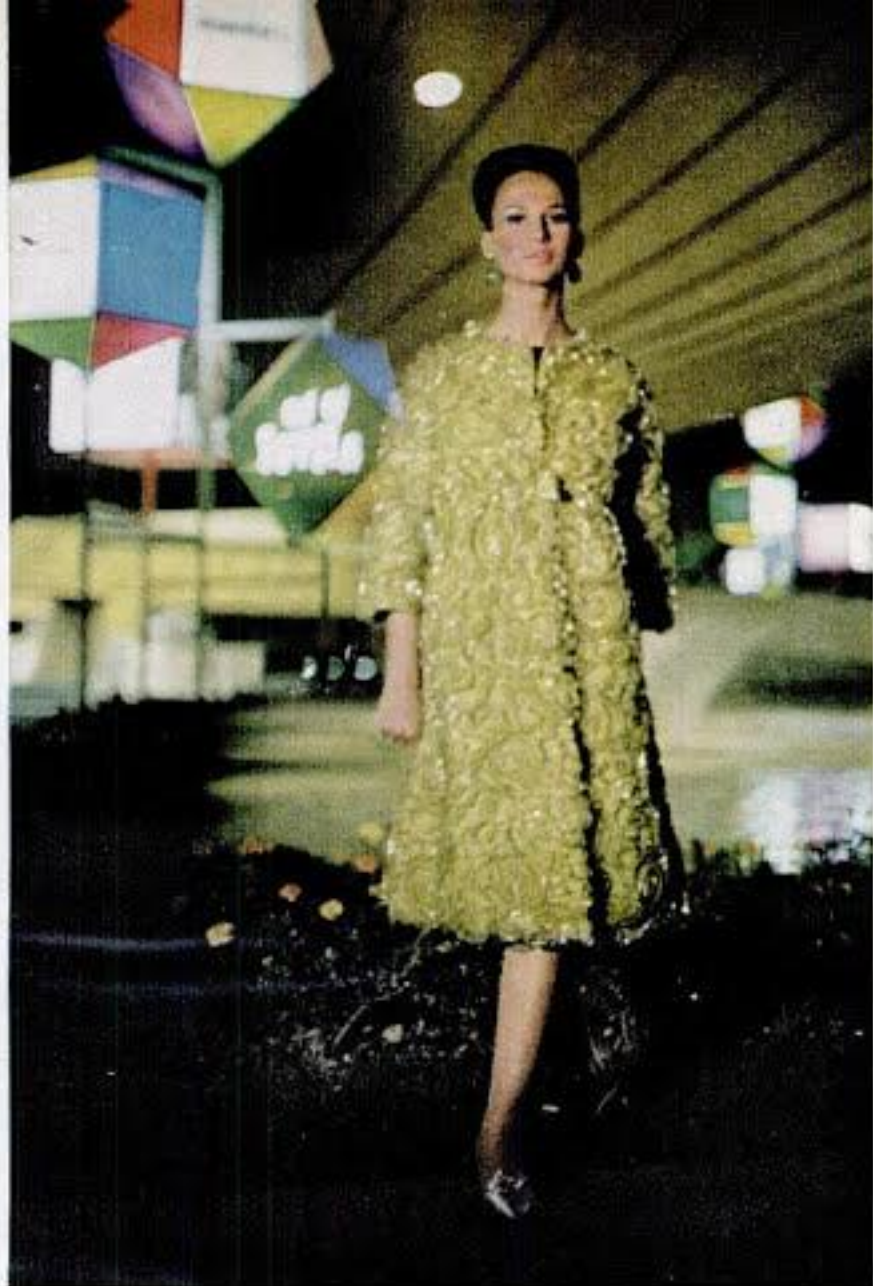
A demure evening dress with a rose-trimmed Peter Pan collar (\$295) designed by Geoffrey Beene stands in front of an abstract sculpture surrounded by trees at the Austrian Pavilion.

Teal Traina's trench coat outfit (\$565) is set against the boardwalk that crosses the New York subway yards toward the Fair's main gate. The coat is lined with fur and has a matching dress.



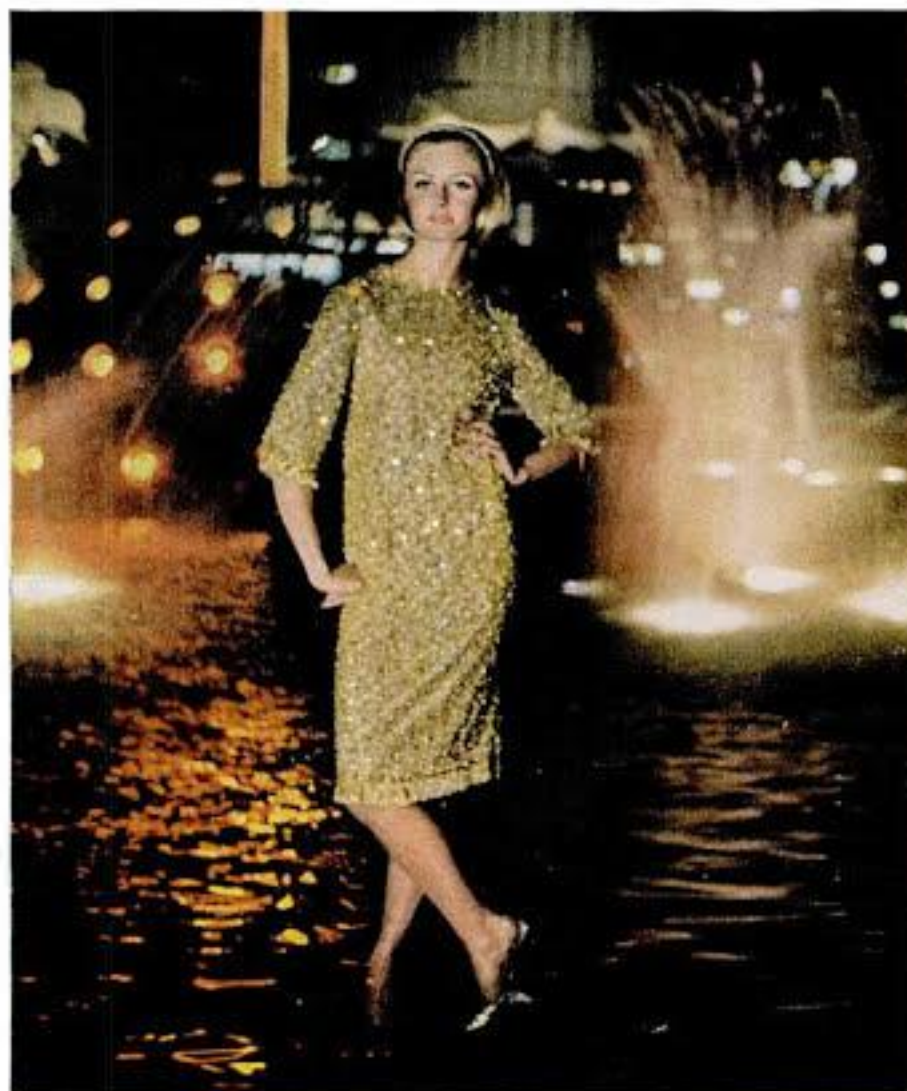






Evening coat by Jane Derby (\$565), seen at left under the canopy of the Johnson's Wax Pavilion, is restrained in cut but lavish in fabric. It is made of lace embroidered with silvery ribbon.

Sparkling against Solar Fountain (below), Mollie Parnis' simply cut dress (\$900) is intricately paved with jewels embroidered on silk marquisette. Hem, sleeves are edged with fringe.



Simple slip dress of wool knit at left, surrounded by a cascading waterfall at the U.S. Pavilion, is by Jerry Silverman (\$45) who made it for discothèque dancing. It is worn with very bare sandals.

Arising from the tiny lights that dance like fireflies at the Brass Rail Steak House (below), Ben Zuckerman's outfit (\$600) combines a superbly tailored jacket with a pleated wool crepe dress.





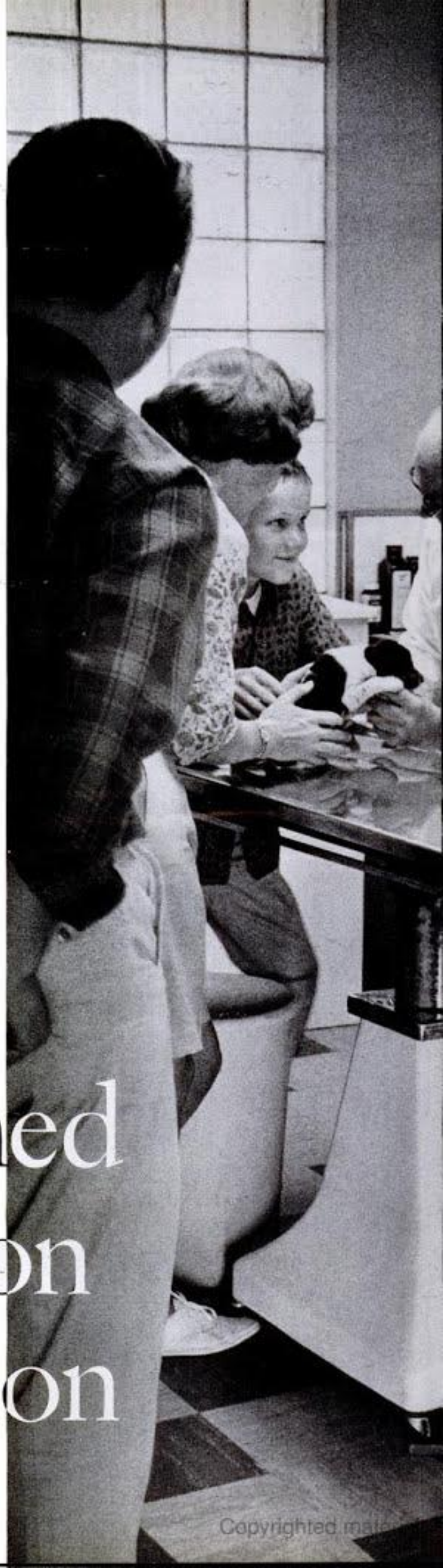


Chiffon gets the classic treatment from Sarri (left) and a futuristic going over from Rudi Gernreich (above). Sarri's gown with its bodice of mink (\$995) floats above the Lunar Fountain. Gernreich's shift (\$150), shown in Chrysler's robot zoo, comes to three inches above the knee, is worn with tights and nothing else—except shoes and a veil.

*"Old Doc Jordan
will take good
care of Spot"*



A
wonderful
thing happened
to us on
our vacation



The First Aid kit in the glove compartment was designed to help humans, not puppies. All we could do was hold him tight and look for a place to stop.



Kids are certainly funny, if that's any news. Take our Jimmy. This year, for the first time in his young life, he got to choose—all by himself—where the family would spend its vacation. What happened? For the umpty-third time, we ended up at the farm. But, as usual, it worked out just fine. Grandpa and Grandma Moore had invented all sorts of chores designed to keep a young farmer busy. Picking up the mail. Feeding the chickens. Helping Henry with the milking machines. And, wonder of wonders, personally naming every one of Queenie's new litter of pups.

The trouble, if you could call it that, came on the way home. One of the puppies, Spot by name, had decided to accompany us, so when we headed West we had an additional passenger. By the time we got to Far Valley, he was more than just a passenger, he was an unhappy passenger. He shivered. He shook. He cried. We stopped. And then a wonderful thing happened.

Just down the road we saw a service station with the familiar Torch and Oval and the sign that says *As You Travel, Ask Us*. We asked, and the attendant told us all about Dr. Theodore McHenry Jordan, D.V.M. Old Doc Jordan—dog lover and dog fixer—diagnosed Spot's trouble as pure excitement and promptly fed him a tranquilizer.

Spot slept most of the way home. So did his new master, dreaming, no doubt, about next year's vacation when he gets to ride the tractor.



Welcome
Stop

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A DISASTER?

Well, not exactly

(turn the page)

58A

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There Stood the Beatles as the Battle Smoke Lifted

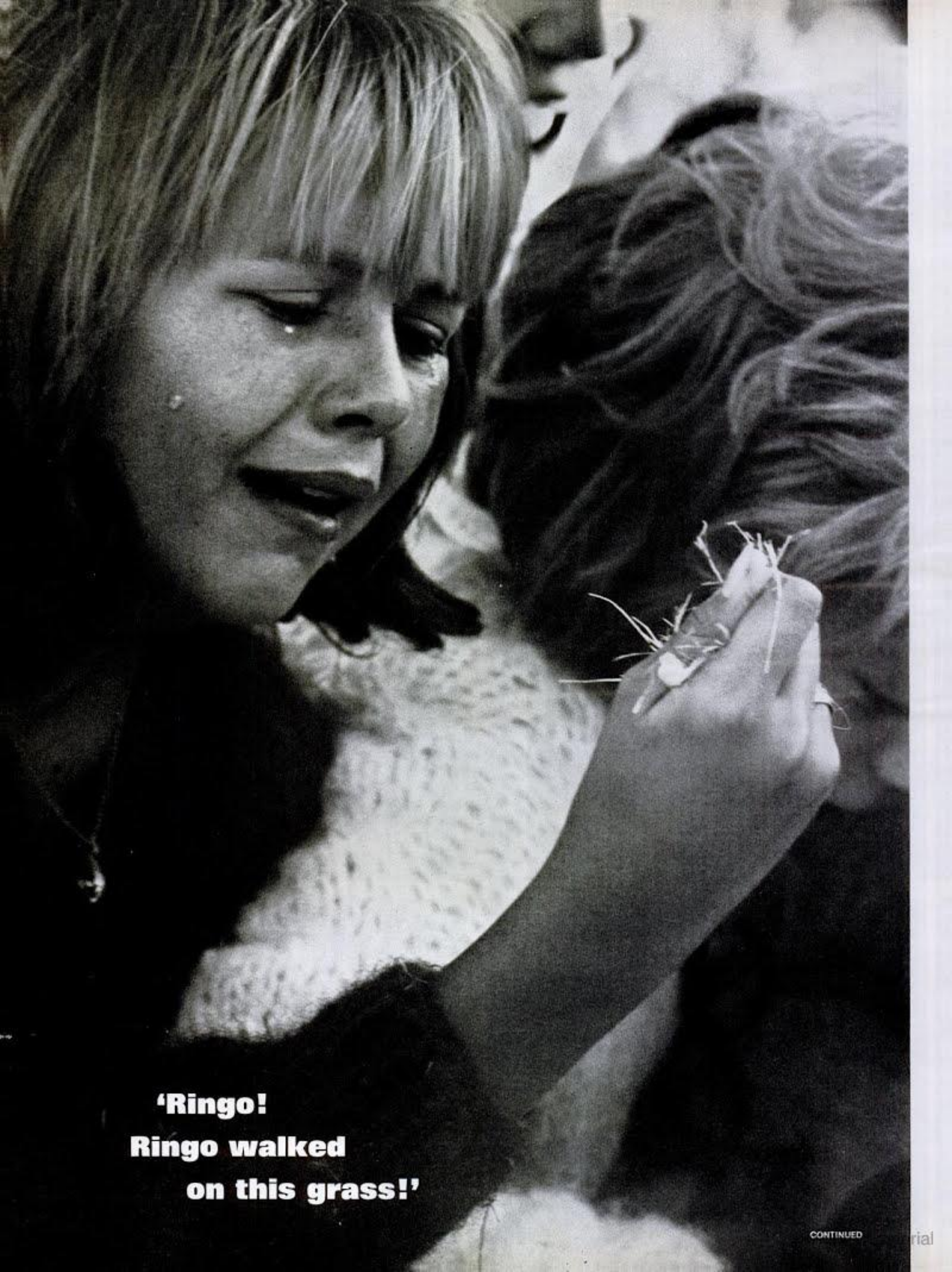
These tears and fainting fits that the police had to cope with at San Francisco's airport were not products of a disaster, unless you looked at it through a sober parental eye. The cause of it all was the return of the Beatles—and how can anyone describe what it means to a girl of 14 to *see* them, to *hear* them (as if anyone could above the screams), to breathe the very air they breathe, and maybe even to scoop up a blade of grass their boots trod upon? Everybody—that is, everybody but millions of teen-

agers—thought that Britain's mop-headed musical quartet had mined the U.S. lode to the limit last February when they stood New York, Washington and Miami on end. But their manager, Brian Epstein (see page 62), booked them back on a 33-day tour of 23 American cities. Though every single concert is already a sell-out and the predicted tour gross is an astounding \$2 million, the joy is not universal. Local promoters are under contract to hire a special force of at least 100 cops to guard the Loved

Ones in every city, and police officials worry that 100 might not be enough. Hotels in San Francisco and Los Angeles panicked and evicted the Beatles before they arrived. Los Angeles' Lockheed Airport was so concerned lest teenagers run out onto the runway that it forbade any plane bearing Beatles to land there. So desperate is the crisis that latest plans call for a chartered plane to fly the Beatles in the dead of night, like a troop movement in wartime or a shipment of gold to Fort Knox.



CONTINUED



**'Ringo!
Ringo walked
on this grass!'**

CONTINUED

rial



Mrs. Browning's Maytag has to go to beat the band

Music has always played an important part in the family life of the Eugene Brownings of Lee's Summit, Missouri. Now that they're a full-size orchestra of 10, they make lots of beautiful music together. They also make lots of laundry.

According to Mrs. Margaret Browning, her six girls and two boys give her Maytag Automatic Washer and Dryer a real workout. She does a big wash at least twice a day. Piles of petticoats and delicate things, as well as sweat shirts and the boys' dungarees.

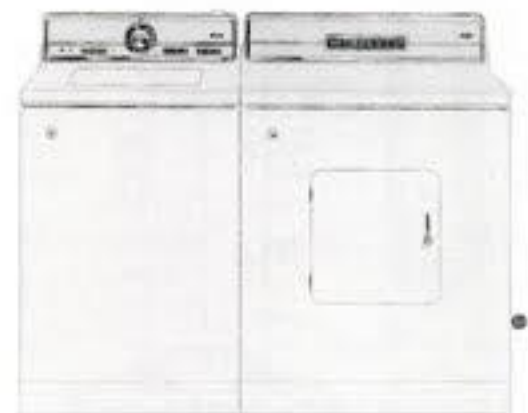
Yet in the six years she's had her Maytag Washer and Dryer, Mrs. Browning has had

only one \$3.35 service call.

Mrs. Browning couldn't be more pleased with the dependable performance of her Maytags. The Halo of Heat® Dryer is gentle enough for even the girls' delicate lingerie. And it goes without saying, she really appreciates the washer's big-family load capacity.

Mrs. Browning passed her love of music on to her children. We hope she does the same for Maytag.

For a complete guide to all Maytag Washers and Dryers, send 10¢ in coin to: The Maytag Company, Dept. 365 L-8, Newton, Iowa.



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"If Someone Makes It - We Can Mark It"

BEATLES CONTINUED



The Cool Brain behind the Bonfire

by GAIL CAMERON

As with any other world-shaking cataclysm, the Beatle phenomenon is bound to set historians searching for the precise thing that triggered it. They need look no further than the simple intuition of a bland and exceedingly improbable young British businessman named Brian Epstein.

Though he did not exactly invent the Beatles (they did that themselves), he did discover them. Thanks to Epstein, today the sun

never sets on the sight of Beatle hairdos or the sound of the Beatle beat. He has done more to expand British influence around the world than anybody since Queen Victoria and maybe even Sir Francis Drake.

It would be difficult to imagine a more unlikely candidate. At 29, the world's hottest showbiz entrepreneur is a soft-spoken, conservatively tailored young man with a personality as flamboyant as that of a research chemist.

In fact, very little in Epstein's

In the calm of his London flat, Beatle boss Epstein listens to "beat" music—and broods.

background prepared him for the heady title recently conferred upon him by the British press: Czar of Sound. As a child he took a few abortive violin lessons. And on the day almost three years ago he stepped into The Cavern, a stormy Liverpool club situated under a onetime vegetable warehouse, to see the Beatles for the first time, practically the only thing he knew about show business was that he didn't like it.

But he did know a little about merchandising phonograph rec-

CONTINUED



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LEKTRONIC II is cordless.
Or if it costs a little more.
I gave him one to save my skin."**

What better way to test a man's shave than on a woman's skin. One smooth contact, and the ladies are sold. Men, on the other hand, want cold facts. Here they are.

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...drive in
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Handy new squeeze bottle. Also glass bottle with dropper.

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BEATLES CONTINUED

ords, having launched a record department in his parents' prosperous Liverpool furniture business.

A young customer named Raymond Jones had popped in one day to request a record of "My Bonnie," sung by the Beatles as background accompaniment for a pop singer named Tony Sheridan.

"Sung by what?" said Epstein. "The Beatles."

He said he would try to track the record down, and did. He ordered 200 copies which sold out. Curious about the fuss, he descended into the dive that he found "vile and smelly" but which is now almost a British national shrine.

The Beatles were on stage, "raving it up" as they say in Liverpool. Epstein did a double-take at the first scruffy sight of them, but listened in complete fascination.

"I sensed that something was happening," he was to recall later. "something terribly exciting, although I didn't know what it was. There was this amazingly direct communication with the audience and this absolutely marvelous humor. There was something about it that was totally of today. I knew they could be one of the biggest theatrical attractions in the world."

He returned to the club several more times, and eventually suggested becoming the boys' manager. For some years Epstein had been feeling bottled-up in the family business. As it happens, the Beatles simultaneously were despairing of ever breaking out into the big world beyond Liverpool and had just about decided to chuck the whole thing. Impressed, they quickly accepted his offer—though Epstein had no idea how a management contract should even be drawn up. His percent-

age, they agreed, would be 25%.

Brian's life looked up immediately. "Everything about the Beatles was right for me," he says. "They represented the direct, uninhibited relationships which I had never found and felt deprived of. And my own sense of inferiority and frustration evaporated because I knew I could help them and they wanted me to and trusted me to."

But it didn't happen overnight. It took one full year to overcome England and another for total global conquest. Basically, what Epstein did for the Beatles at the outset was to resist the temptation to tamper with their act and to concentrate on landing them a recording contract. He did tidy them up a bit, decreeing an end to the battered jeans and rumpled leather in favor of the tailored, collarless suits that eventually sent shock waves through the whole clothing industry. He also got them to a barber who tamed the Historic Hair but, praise be, did not whack it all off.

Cutting records was something else again. Decca indifferently sat still for an audition but turned the Beatles down cold on the imperious ground that "groups are out, particularly four-groups, and guitars are finished." Most specifically, said Decca, noise generated by the Beatles was "not commercial."



Beatle Paul McCartney, 22, hides under a fake mustache and goatee—not to escape his fans, luv, but for his role in the movie.

The hair that turned the tide of teen-age history is lovingly combed on set of the Beatles' first film, *A Hard Day's Night*.

Just as imperiously Epstein told Decca his boys some day would be bigger than Elvis Presley.

"The worst part of it," says Epstein, "was being so sure about the boys myself. It's frustrating when nobody agrees with you."

One day Epstein took the Decca tapes to a London recording shop to have them transferred to discs. The sound engineer without warning erupted with enthusiasm and sent Epstein to a recording producer named George Martin at E.M.I., a London recording company. He listened—and signed the boys.

Before E.M.I. had cut any records, Martin decided that there was something faulty in Beatle Pete Best's work at the drums. This posed something of a problem for Epstein, but the three other Beatles helped resolve it by agreeing that Best would have to go.

Enter Ringo Starr, in beard. Charter Beatle John Lennon prescribed a razor but told Ringo to "keep your sidies." With or without whiskers, the teen-agers back home in Liverpool were having none of Ringo, at least not until the idea took hold. "Pete forever, Ringo never!" they chanted in a mass protest. Ringo survived to become teen-age America's nomination for President of the U.S.

In no time at all, as the Beatles and their recordings began to get around, they became celebrities—in Britain and then the rest of the world. The Royal Family requested—and got—autographs. The Beatles' heads were cast in bronze sculpture and likenesses of their bodies were enshrined in wax at Madame Tussaud's. There they stand practically on top of England's fab bard, William Shakespeare, whose 400th anniversary year has witnessed the glorification of the word "YEAH!"

Epstein found time to expand and diversify. He smoked out a parade of young pop performers

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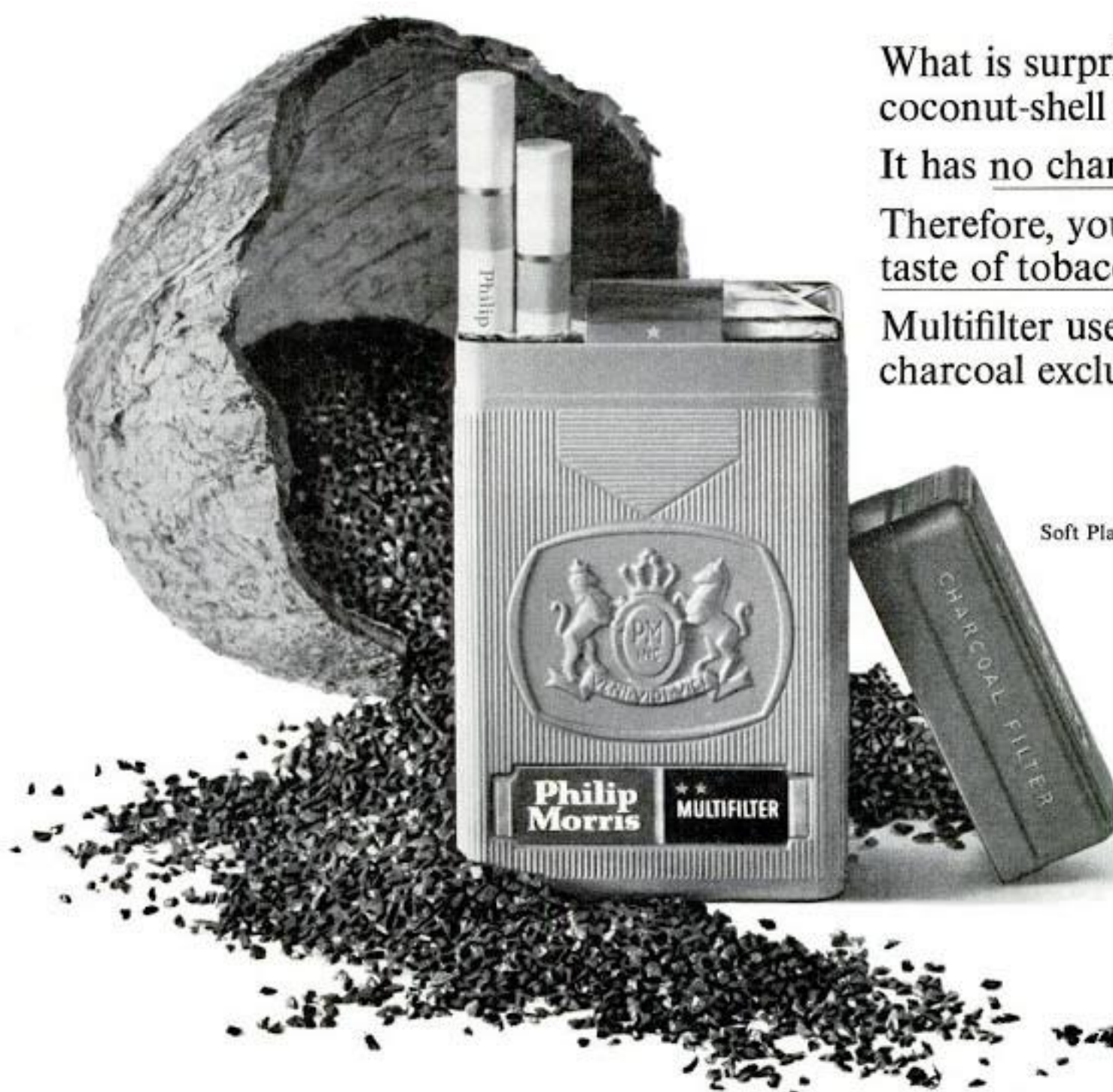
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The Money Deluge Can't Be Stopped

BEATLES CONTINUED

who, together with the Beatles, took over the top-selling spots in Britain's weekly record charts as though by ironclad lease. Always it was Epstein's uncanny intuition about who and what will be a hit in the volatile teen-age market that represented the final authority. Epstein had become the Sol Hurok of pop.

To his hectic headquarters, hard by the London Palladium, Epstein tools serenely in his elaborately appointed black Bentley S-3, and is the only calm person within sight or earshot. Messengers in Beatle haircuts dash in and out with tea to steady the nerves of 20 other staff members who try to control the cacophony and the traffic of performers, producers, reporters, fans—and accountants.

Meanwhile, back at the bank, the deluge of Beatle money has become almost indecent, and the Beatles and Epstein find themselves gasping in the rarefied air of international finance. Royalties from 80 million Beatle records are pouring in from all over the world. The first Beatle movie, *A Hard Day's Night*, has broken all records in England and grossed \$1.6 million in its first week in the U.S. There

are huge percentages from hundreds of by-products, from bedspreads to bubble gum. The British magazine *Queen*, assessing the balance of payments, has concluded that the Beatles are not only the biggest revenue-earning group in entertainment history but also "England's most fantastic economic complex."

So complicated is this complex that nobody, not even Epstein, seems to know its full extent or worth. Profits to the Beatles in the past two years have been estimated at between \$10 and \$20 million.

Sometimes the money has come pouring in for no reason at all beyond the merest hint that the Beatles might be going somewhere to perform. Prior to the current U.S. invasion some cities were sold out before the tickets officially went on sale—and once or twice, before any appearance was scheduled at all.

Such a situation prompted Epstein on one occasion to make what is probably the most bizarre request ever heard in show business. "Norman," he pleaded to his U.S. booking agent by transatlantic phone, "you have simply got to do something about all that money pouring in. You've got to find some way to stop it."

HOW TO KICK THE BEATLE HABIT

In Los Angeles a hastily assembled organization called *Beatlesaniacs Ltd.* has devised a unique way to kick the habit. "If someone really wants to get the 40-pound Beatle off his or her back," says President Cheryl Tusso (right), "then we can help." What *Beatlesaniacs Ltd.* offers is group therapy for those living near active chapters, and withdrawal literature for those going it alone at far-flung outposts. Its membership card immediately identifies the bearer as someone who needs help. On one side it reads:



1. Move patients as far away from Beatles as possible as quickly as possible.
2. When patient comes to, do not mention the names John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison, or Ringo Starr.
3. Do not mention the word Beatles (or beetles).
4. Do not mention such words as luv, fab, gear, ciggies.
5. Do not mention the word Liverpool.
6. Do not mention the word England.
7. Do not speak with an English accent.
8. Do not speak English.



OLIVETTI UNDERWOOD'S NEW LETTERA 32: THE PORTABLE FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE GOING PLACES!

Whether you're going around the world—or up in it—or back to school or college...the new Olivetti Underwood Lettera 32 can help make the going pleasanter. (And the grades higher.) It offers all the important advantages of full-size typewriters in a truly portable portable...plus some features you won't find even in an office machine!

Ask your Olivetti Underwood Portable Dealer to show you this lively lightweight. Test-type a couple of now-is-the-times...feel the spirited touch of its contoured keys. See how a touch of the finger sets tab stops to let you type columns in perfect vertical alignment automatically. Discover half-line spac-

ing, that lets you insert omitted letters in words and omitted words between lines and simplifies typing of math and chemistry formulas. Sample the handy "+" and "=" keys; see how automatic paragraph indentation steps up your typing speed.

And when you've noted the rugged, all-metal construction, the prize-winning design and the handsome carrying case, ask the Lettera 32's price. **Some people think it's the greatest feature of all!**

Going places? Make the Olivetti Underwood Portable Dealer your first stop!

Enter TONI's exciting contest, just pick the next Miss America and one of the four runners-up. It's fun! And you may win a 1965 Oldsmobile Starfire. TONI is giving away *five* Oldsmobiles, so hurry and enter now!



Toni

SMOOTH 'N SLEEK TONI • TONI WITH HIDDEN BODY • TONETTE • SILVER CURL
ADORN • TAME CREME RINSES • WHITE RAIN SHAMPOO • DEEP MAGIC • SPIN CURLERS



MISS ALABAMA



MISS ALASKA



MISS FLORIDA



MISS GEORGIA



MISS HAWAII



MISS IDAHO



MISS ILLINOIS



MISS INDIANA



MISS MASSACHUSETTS



MISS MICHIGAN



MISS MINNESOTA



MISS MISSISSIPPI



MISS MISSOURI



MISS MONTANA



MISS NORTH CAROLINA



MISS NORTH DAKOTA



MISS OHIO



MISS OKLAHOMA



MISS OREGON



MISS PENNSYLVANIA



MISS VERMONT



MISS VIRGINIA



MISS WASHINGTON



MISS WEST VIRGINIA



MISS WISCONSIN



MISS WYOMING

CONTEST RULES

1. Pick the states that will be represented by Miss America of 1965 and by any one of the 4 runners-up.
2. Complete this sentence: "My favorite Toni product is _____ because _____" (complete in 25 additional words or less).
3. In the event of ties in selection of Miss America Pageant winners under Rule #1, entries will be judged on the basis of the statements submitted under Rule #2. These statements will be judged equally on the basis of freshness, sincerity and significance with which you complete the statement. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.
4. Enter as often as you like, but only one (1) entry, having your two selections, to be included in each envelope. Use either Toni entry blank or a plain sheet of white paper. All entries must be mailed to the judges, R. H. Donnelley Corporation, P. O. Box 812, Hinsdale, Illinois, and must be postmarked no later than Saturday, September 5, 1964, and received by R. H. Donnelley Corporation no later than September 11, 1964. All entries become the property of the Toni Company. No correspondence will be entered into.
5. A new Oldsmobile Starfire will be awarded to each of 5 contest winners.
6. This contest is open to all residents of the U.S.A., except where prohibited, taxed or restricted by law. Employees of The Toni Company, or of The Gillette Company and its subsidiaries, their advertising agencies, R. H. Donnelley Corporation, and members of the families of any such employees are not eligible.

CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

Complete these sentences—

- a. "Miss America of 1965 will represent the State of _____."
- b. "One of the four runners-up will represent the State of _____."
- c. "My favorite Toni product is _____ because _____"

(complete in 25 additional words or less)

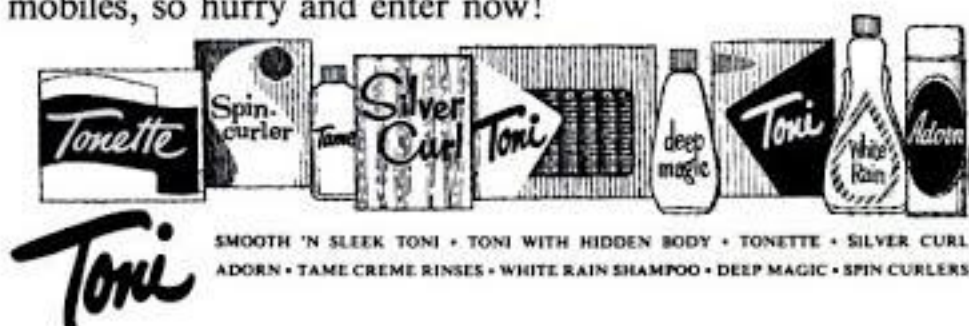
(use and attach extra sheet of paper if required)

My name is _____

My address is _____

MAIL TO: R. H. Donnelley Corporation, P. O. Box 812, Hinsdale, Illinois

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My address is _____

MAIL TO: R. H. Donnelley Corporation, P. O. Box 812, Hinsdale, Illinois



MISS ALABAMA



MISS ALASKA



MISS FLORIDA



MISS GEORGIA



MISS HAWAII



MISS IDAHO



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MISS WYOMING



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GOLDEN BOY IS BACK

by W. C. HEINZ

Above the southwestern rim of Green Bay's City Stadium a half-moon looks as though it is pasted against the blue-black sky. Under the lights the grass is greener than grass-green, and Zeke Bratkowski, who is at quarterback for the Green Bay Packers, is kneeling and the Packers are huddled in front of him, their pad-broadened, green-jerseyed shoulders touching, their yellow-helmeted heads lowered to hear him.

"All right," he says. "Red Right. The 49 Option, on two! Let's go!" It is the play that Vince Lombardi, who coaches the Packers, brought

with him to Green Bay five years ago and put in just for Paul Hornung. It starts to the right, like the 49 Sweep, and Paul Hornung has the option of running with the ball or passing.

The Packers break from the huddle and walk up to the line. It is the 51st minute of this preseason game between New York and Green Bay, and the Packers are leading, 17-3. The Giants have been keying their defense on Paul Hornung and have held him to six yards in the seven times he has carried the ball. More than 42,000 persons fill the stands and they are waiting to see the Paul Hornung they remember. Three times he led the National Football League in scoring, twice

he was voted the league's most valuable player and he was the best all-round back in professional football when he and tackle Alex Karras of the Detroit Lions were suspended for betting on games—although neither was accused of betting against his own team.

And now they are lined up on the Green Bay 44-yard line. "Set!" Bratkowski is shouting. "Three! Eighty-one! Hut! Hut!"

Bratkowski is turning with the ball now and Paul Hornung is coming across, running to the right, parallel to the line of scrimmage. As he takes the handoff he starts to belly his run, to give the guards enough time to pull across behind the line to lead the play, and then

CONTINUED

Back home again at Green Bay's City Stadium, Hornung waits to go in as Packers roll to 34-10 win over the Giants. He scored 10 points.



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to enjoy

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AMERICA'S BEST TASTING LITTLE CIGAR

His betting on games— 'It was like a kick thing'

HORNUNG
CONTINUED

he cuts as if to go outside the end.

At this moment he sees it, the reaction that will turn this from a run—the Sweep—to the option pass. Hornung sees the left defensive halfback of the Giants come up to stop the run. He sees, downfield, the left safety hesitate for that fraction of a second, and then he sees that Boyd Dowler, the Green Bay flanker, has the step on the safety. He pulls the ball back and cocks his arm and throws.

He sees the ball start through the air, and then he sees a white jersey with red numerals and he is hit. He is on the ground, a Giant he does not recognize on top of him, but he can hear it. He can hear that sound, coming out of the stands, which lets him know that the pass is complete, that Dowler has the ball. As long as that sound lives he knows that Dowler is running with the ball, and as he gets up and looks downfield the sound rises to an even greater roar and he can see Packers, their backs to him, waving their arms over their heads. Dowler has scored.

They call Paul Hornung the "Golden Boy." He is one of those people born to be winners and for most of his 28 years he has been just that. He is good-looking, intelligent and highly personable and he has that great gift for the game of football. He played it first as a sixth-grader at St. Patrick's School in Louisville, Ky., and two years later his coach let him make up his team's plays. When he was the star of the Flaget High School team, colleges from coast to coast were running at him with scholarships and the governor of Kentucky visited him twice to try to get him to go to the University of Kentucky. At Notre Dame he was twice All-America, and at the end of his last season—1956—he was voted the Heisman Trophy, awarded annually to the outstanding college football player in the country.

In a way," he was saying, here in mid-July as he prepared to join the Packers for the 1964 training season. "It's something like starting all over again. The rookies will be worrying whether they can make the team. My worry will be whether I can stand up under contact. We all have our worries."

Now he backs the car out of the driveway of the red brick, six-room house he rents in Green Bay and he starts off on the 15-minute trip to St. Norbert College in West De Pere, where the Packers have their training camp.

"It was like a kick thing," he says, explaining how the trouble really had its start in 1959. "This friend of mine was betting games and he'd call me and I never told him to bet against us. Then one time I said: 'Bet me a hundred.'

"It seems like such a petty thing when you're doing it," Hornung usually bet from \$100 to \$200 and several times he bet \$500. "Then," he says, "before the 1962 season started, the commissioner came to the training camp and made it more emphatic about betting." Hornung called it off: "I said to myself, 'This is silly, when you figure what you're risking on a wager every couple of weeks.'

"When the commissioner called me in I wasn't scared. Even as a kid, if I was going to get whipped, I'd think: 'Well, tomorrow it won't hurt.' I went in there and told the truth. There was no use lying, and then the waiting started. It was the toughest three months I've ever known. Every time the phone would ring I'd think: 'Is this it? Is it out now?' Every time I'd pick up a paper I'd have the same feeling."

Paul Hornung is driving now along the main street of West De Pere. It is a street of one- and two-story buildings and he is slowed by the late afternoon traffic. During the year of his suspension he did radio and TV work in Louisville, where he lives with his mother in the off-season, and he made between 15 and 20 speaking appearances for which he received from \$250 to \$750 each.

"The day the suspension was lifted I called the coach," he says, meaning Lombardi. "I said, 'Suppose I move up to Green Bay and start working out right after the Kentucky Derby, the first week in May?' Vince said: 'Suppose you get here on April 15.' So I said: 'I'll compromise and be there on April 15.'"

During the next three months he worked out three and four times a week. He would do 12 or 15 laps around the practice field and then stride 50 yards six times and 100 yards three times. Every session he would run up the stadium steps four times, and there are 60 steps.

"There he is," one of the coaches would say.

They would be in the coaches'

CONTINUED

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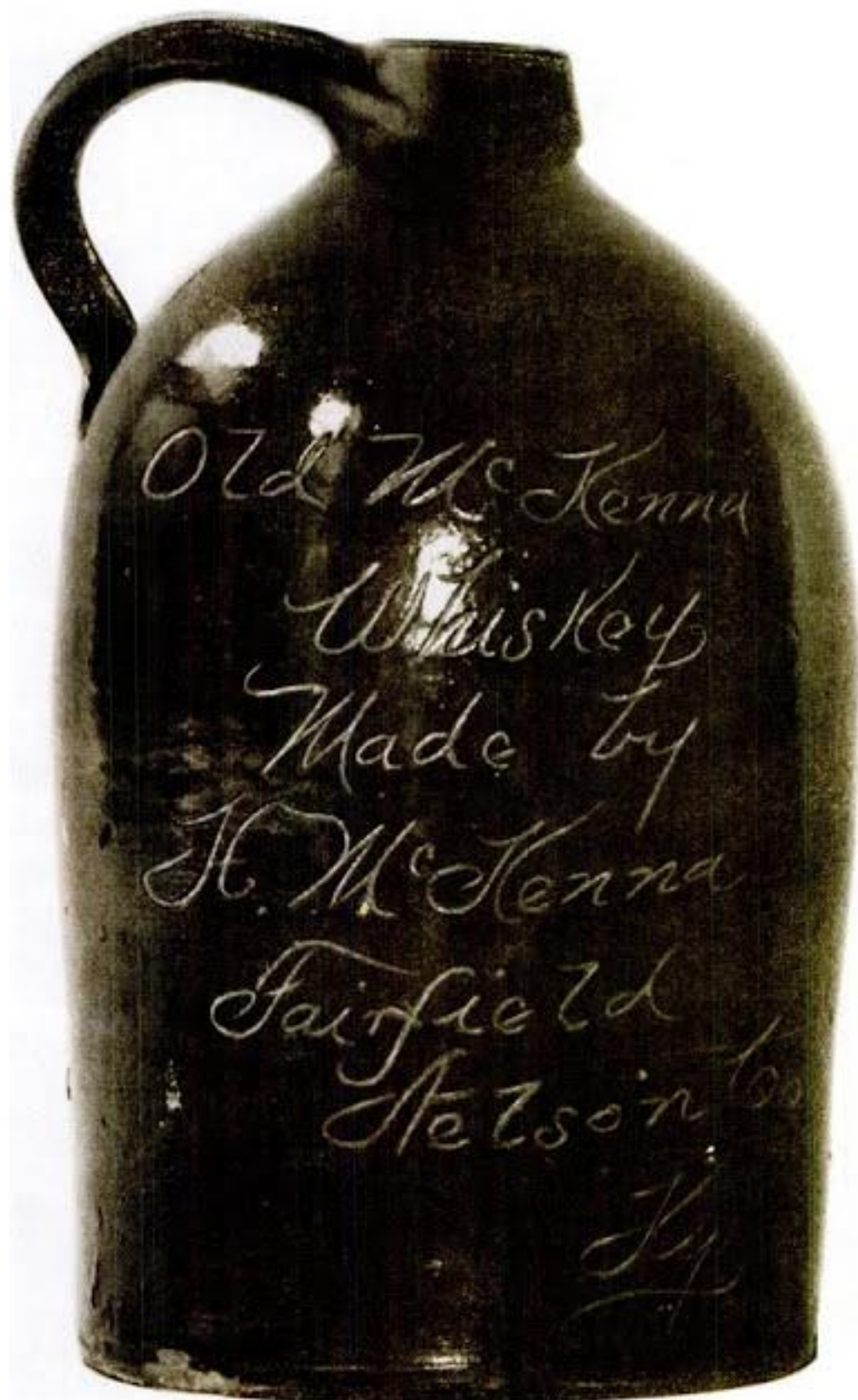
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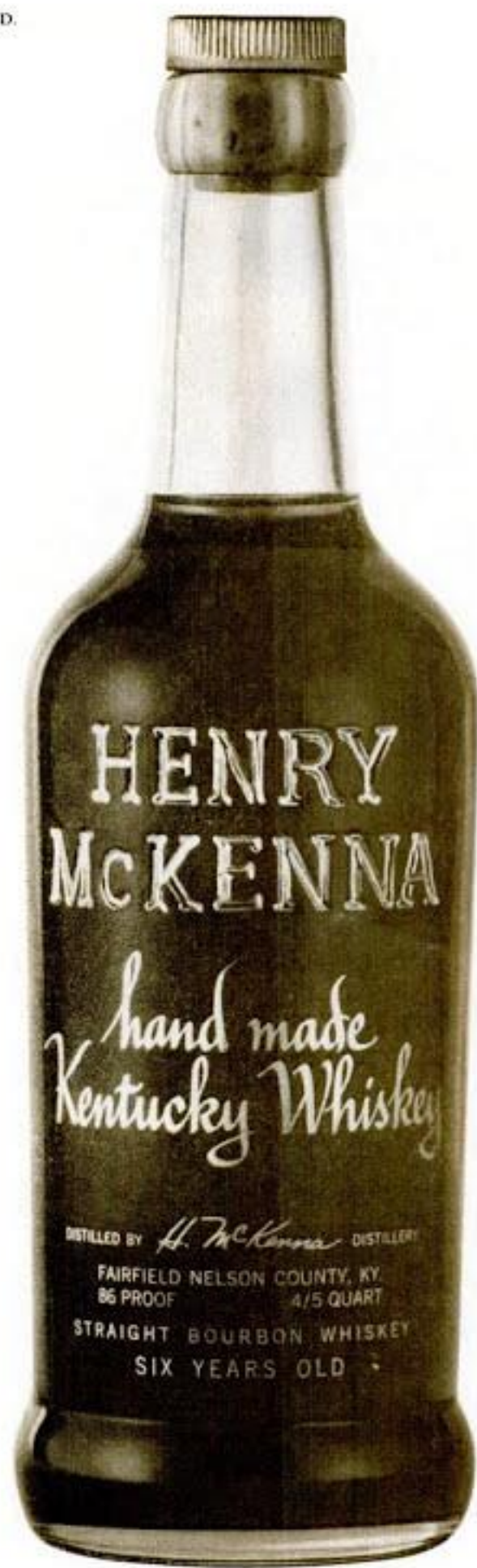
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POSTMASTER



1855



1964

**If you want to know how Kentucky hand made whiskey tastes,
open this bottle of Henry McKenna.**

In 1855 an Irishman from County Cork named Henry McKenna started a mill and potstill in Fairfield, Nelson County, Kentucky. His output was one barrel a day.

He mixed his own mash, made his own barrels, learned from the mountain

men to seed each batch of sour mash with yeast from the old. It kept the taste of his bourbon the same from batch to batch.

"What this horny handed son of Old Ireland doesn't know about making Kentucky whiskey," wrote the Nelson Journal years later, "no one knows."

In Fairfield, McKenna's distillery building still stands, the oldest in Kentucky. The corn still comes in from neighboring fields; late season, hard frost corn that all should use and McKenna does.

The old cypress yeasting tubs and the brass and iron steam engine (71 years

old) are still in use. When it breaks down, we make parts by hand. And McKenna output is still measured in barrels.

For the first time in many years, some McKenna Hand Made is available outside Nelson County. It doesn't taste much like other bourbons. You might like to try it.



40 days, 40 nights, and 14 ounces

For forty days and forty nights Hunt's tomatoes ripen on the vine.

That's why into every 14-ounce bottle of Hunt's, go the best tomatoes that ever was.

Tomatoes that have been cooked and simmered

with seven spices. That makes any food you put it with say "thank you!"

Get Hunt's...
the catsup with the big tomato taste.

Hunt Foods, Inc., Fullerton, Calif.

The coach said, 'You'll have to be better than you were'

HORNUNG
CONTINUED

room in the back of the Packer offices at the north end of the stadium. They would be screening game films or working on play modifications and one of them would be at the window, taking a break.

"Who?" Lombardi would say. "Hornung," the other would say. "He's really working."

"Good," Lombardi would say. From 1960 through 1962 the Packers, with Paul Hornung, won three Western Division titles and two league championships. Last year, without Paul Hornung, they finished second in the Western Division.

"Those steps are tough," he says now. "At first your legs are heavy and you're gasping for breath, but the important thing is to get your legs and your wind in shape. A couple of times I ran them with a 30-pound weight on my chest."

Then he would come into the exercise room and lift weights with his right leg to strengthen the muscles and ligaments of the knee injured early in the 1962 season. At the end of the three months he was lifting 70 pounds 10 times.

"I really don't know whether I could have done it alone," he says, "but the guys who live around here—Boyd Dowler and Jerry Kramer and Fuzzy Thurston and Bart Starr—would work out with me. Every day at least one of them would be there, and, without them, I don't know if I'd have had the discipline to do it."

He has parked the car on the street alongside Sensenbrenner Hall, on the campus of St. Norbert, and he is carrying a TV set and a zipper bag across the small grass plot and into the building. Now he has the key from Pat Pepler, the personnel director of the Packers, and he is in room 120, the same room he shared in those other years with Packer offensive end Max McGee. Of the more than 200 letters he received while he was away, only two censured him.

"I've been amazed," he says, "how nice people have been. The coach told me, though, that after the regular season starts it may be different. When I got here he called me into his office and he said: 'You know, there are going to be people who remember that you were suspended for something to do with betting. The first time you fumble or drop a pass they're going to ac-

cuse you. They're going to shout: 'How much you got bet?' So be prepared for it, keep your mouth shut and leave any talking to me. You're also going to have to be better than you ever were."

"So one of my problems," Hornung says, "will be to just hold my composure."

In the gym he and the other veterans lead the line of rookies past the doctors, each at a table with a sign: 1) History. 2) Heart and Lungs. 3) Dental. 4) Blood Pressure. 5) Abdomen and Hernia. 6) Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

"I'd be something," he says, "if I waited all year to get back and I flunked the physical."

"I'm sorry to disappoint you," Dr. Jim Nellen says, pumping up the blood pressure cuff on Hornung's right arm.

"What is it?"

"It couldn't be better—118 over 80."

And so it starts. The curfew is 11 o'clock, Sunday through Friday and midnight on Saturdays, and a \$250 fine if you break it. Breakfast is at 7:30 and the buses leave for the 12-minute trip to the practice fields at 8:45 and 1:45. In a good year, with his salary and endorsements and appearances, he may make as much as \$75,000—only in professional athletics must men who make so much live under a discipline usually enforced upon children. Now he is riding in the back of the yellow school bus as it approaches the practice fields on the right and, across Oneida Avenue to the west, the stadium atop the rise of the parking area.

"There it is," one of the rookies says to another.

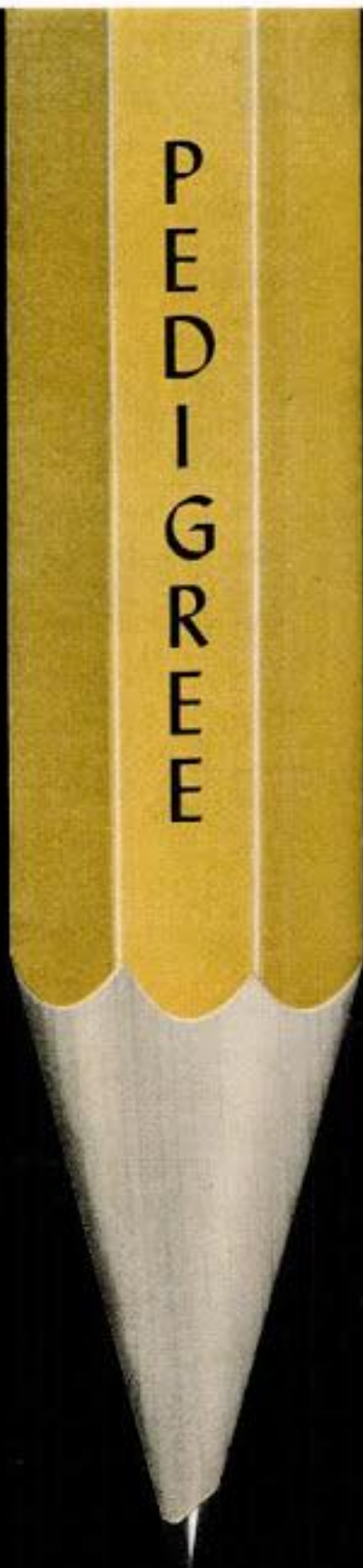
How's it feel?" Lombardi says to him, walking into the trainer's room, and looking down at him.

He is lying on his back on one of the rubbing tables and Dom Gentile, the assistant trainer, is running the flat end of the metal cylinder of the ultrasonic machine over the inside of Paul Hornung's right thigh. It is the sartorius muscle, and it has been bothering him for three or four days.

"It'll be all right," he says. Then, when Lombardi leaves: "I think."

Bud Jorgensen, the trainer, puts liniment on the sore area and covers it with a pad and pulls the elastic bandage up over it. Paul Hornung gets into a T-shirt and white shorts, white woolen socks over his taped ankles, and then his football shoes with the plastic cleats.

CONTINUED



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VISIT OUR EXHIBIT—WORLD'S FAIR "BETTER LIVING CENTER"

'This is the one—we will use it again and again and again'

HORNUNG

CONTINUED

"Here he comes!" a couple of them shout.

There must be two dozen kids waiting for him outside the wire fence and, as he starts walking the quarter mile down the slope of the empty parking area toward the practice fields, he is the Pied Piper of pro football. He signs slips of paper and scrapbooks and autograph books and footballs and, as he walks through them, signing and signing, they spread apart to let him by, others running to join them, and he passes through like a ship leaving behind its wake. About 30 feet to his left a car keeps pace with him. A man is driving and a woman, her arms resting on the open window, is filming all this with a home movie camera.

"You want to ride my bike down, Paul?" one of the kids says.

"No, thanks," he says. "I might break it."

"That'd be all right," the kid says.

He runs the two laps around the first field and cross-steps through the ropes suspended a foot above the ground and then practices kicking field goals. There are the calisthenics and the agility drill and then the units split up, the backs going with Red Cochran, the back-field coach.

"Oh, come on, you two!" Cochran says, riding on the saucer of the two-man blocking sled and shaking his head. "Neither of you would have cracked an egg with that. Let's move this thing!"

"Maybe if you'd get off that thing," Hornung says to Cochran now, "we'd move it."

"Never mind that!" Cochran says.

Then they are practicing taking handoffs from the quarterbacks. The inside arm must be back and out of the way, the outside arm crooked to form a cradle for the ball against the body.

"Now the 41-Quick," Cochran says.

It is a quick trap near the goal line. The key blocking is done by the center and the two guards and Paul Hornung remembers. He remembers the 1961 Baltimore game and Jim Ringo was the center then and he was always quick on the block on the tackle. Fuzzy Thurston took that drop step and hit and he was right on Fuzzy's back and he slid into the hole and scored.

There are the meetings too, every night at 7:30 in the French classroom in the basement of Sensenbrenner Hall. After a couple of weeks, when the practice sessions drop to one a day, the meetings will be twice a day and there will be the playbooks to keep up to date, the play diagrams to hand in and two or three tests on blocking assignments when everybody will have to know not only his own position but everybody else's too. Now, the second night he is in camp, he sees Lombardi outside the dining hall.

"Coach," he says, walking up to him, "do I have to go to this meeting tonight?"

Lombardi turns and looks right at him. In 1958, the year before Lombardi came to Green Bay, the Packers won one game, tied one and lost 10. They had tried Hornung at quarterback, halfback and fullback and he had excelled at none and had thought of quitting the game. It was Lombardi who made Hornung the regular left halfback and their fortunes have been linked ever since.

"You're asking if you have to go to the meeting?" Lombardi says to him. "You're in camp, aren't you? You know that everybody in camp goes to every meeting."

"Yes, sir," he says.

He sits in the meeting like a college senior repeating the course as Lombardi explains the offensive formations—the Brown, the Red and the Blue—and the hole numbering with the even numbers to the left and the odd numbers to the right. Then he diagrams on the blackboard the 49 play that in pro football they call "The Lombardi Sweep."

"This is our number one play," Lombardi says, "the play we must make go, the play our opponents know they must stop. We will make it go. You will run it as close to perfection as possible, because we will use it again and again and again!"

He shows them the film of "Lombardi Sweeps" and there must be two dozen of them. Paul Hornung, who hasn't run with a football in competition for almost 17 months, sits in the third row in the dark and sees himself running the ball over and over and the best of them all is the sequence from the Forty-Niner game in San Francisco, in 1960, when the Packers won, 13-0, and he scored all the points. The Sweep started on the 29-yard line and four of them had shots at him and he still scored.

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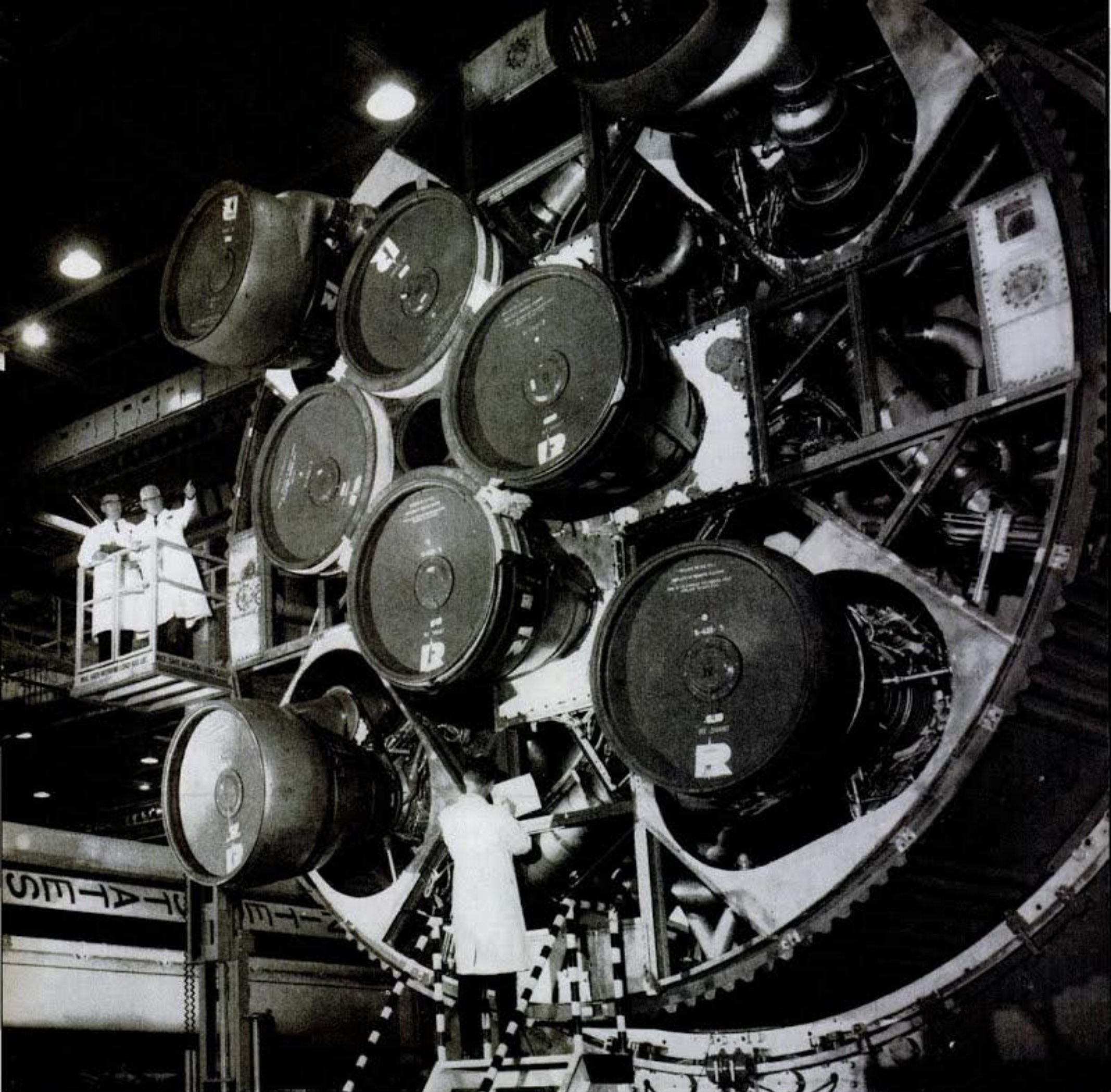
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"The best to you each morning"

Blessings on thee, little man,
barefoot boy with cheeks
full of *Kellogg's* CORN FLAKES

P.S. See your library for the original poem...
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'You keep wondering if you can take those knocks again'

HORNING CONTINUED

"That's the way!" Lombardi is shouting now over the film. "You see that! That's the way we go for that goal line!"

When Lombardi leaves, Cochran takes over with just the backs. He is explaining the 43 play, and how it starts out like the Sweep.

"I think I remember that," Hornung says to Bart Starr, who is sitting next to him. "Don't you?"

"... And another one," Cochran says, "is ..."

"The 51," Hornung says to Starr.

"... the 51," Cochran says. "Paul, have you written any of this down yet?"

"Well," Hornung says, "I've got my notebook."

"If you wrote it down you could take it up to your room and turn on the record player and do some homework."

"I don't have a record player," Hornung says.

Paul Hornung is in camp for six days and on the afternoon of the seventh day all the veterans have been in for three days and they suit up and put the pads on and they will knock heads for the first time. The pain is gone from his groin muscle now, and this will be the first indication to Paul Hornung, and the rest of the Packers, of how far Paul Hornung has come back.

First there is the one-on-one drill, with the offensive linemen blocking the defensive linemen and the backs taking the hand-offs and running off the blocks. Three times Paul Hornung is slammed to the ground by a defensive lineman and then Lombardi calls them out to the 30-yard line and it is the offense against the defense in the first scrimmage.

"Run the 43," Lombardi says, bending into the huddle and talking to quarterback Bart Starr.

It is that play that starts out like the Sweep and they use it when the opponent is playing the Sweep. The play turns into a trap on the end, however, and the halfback makes his cut off the trap-block. It almost went for a touchdown when the Packers opened with it in the 1961 championship game against the Giants.

"Good! Good!" Lombardi is hollering as Fuzzy Thurston makes the block on the end and Hornung

cuts and goes 20 yards. "Good! I wanted to see if he could still run!"

"How to run, Paul!" the others are hollering. "The way to run!"

Three plays later Lombardi walks up to the huddle again and Dennis Claridge, the rookie, is at quarterback. He gives them the 47 Outside, which is again like the Sweep except that only one guard pulls to lead the play. But this time the hole closes and two of them pinch in on Paul Hornung and he is at the bottom of the pile.

"What's the matter there!" Lombardi is hollering. "For the love of Pete! You people know you're supposed to..."

Twenty minutes later Paul Hornung has showered and he gets on the scale and he weighs 213 pounds, which is eight pounds less than he weighed his first day in camp, but he will be back to about 217 the next morning. He walks over to his dressing stall and he sits down.

"It felt real good," he says, smiling. "I was kinda surprised how good it felt. You know, you wonder a lot if you can take those knocks again. You keep wondering about that."

"That wasn't much of a hole on that 47," Jerry Kramer, the right guard, says.

"That's all right," Hornung says.

"That was a funny thing with Hawg and Claridge," Kramer says, meaning Hawg Hanner, five times all-pro defensive tackle and now in his 13th year, and the rookie quarterback who called the play.

"What happened?" Hornung says.

"Hawg comes up on the line," Kramer says, "and he says to Claridge: 'What count you goin' on?' Claridge says: 'On 2.' Hawg says: 'Thank you.' I thought I'd bust."

"You're kiddin'," Hornung says, laughing.

"No," Kramer says, "I'da had to beat the count to get to him, and that's why the hole closed."

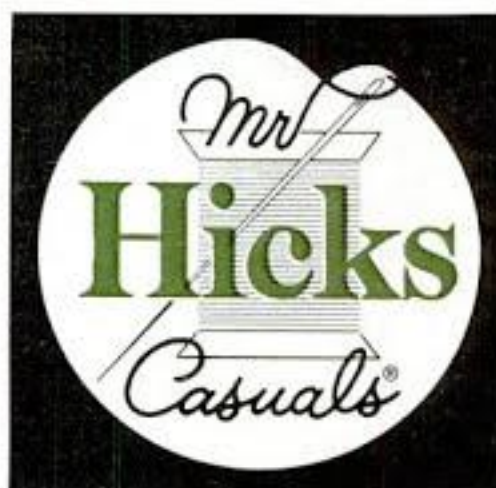
"I'm glad it did," Hornung says. "Two of them hit me, but it felt real good, and that's what I needed to find out."

In the coaches' dressing room Lombardi is getting into his street clothes. He is talking with his assistants.

"Hornung is back!" he says, his face split open in that big smile.

"I'll say he is," Phil Bengtson, the defensive coach, says. "He really went on that 43."

"Hornung," Lombardi says, still smiling, "is hittin' again!"



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CONTINUED

HORNUNG
CONTINUED



High-stepping through rope grid, Paul Hornung drives himself to get his bulging leg muscles back in shape.

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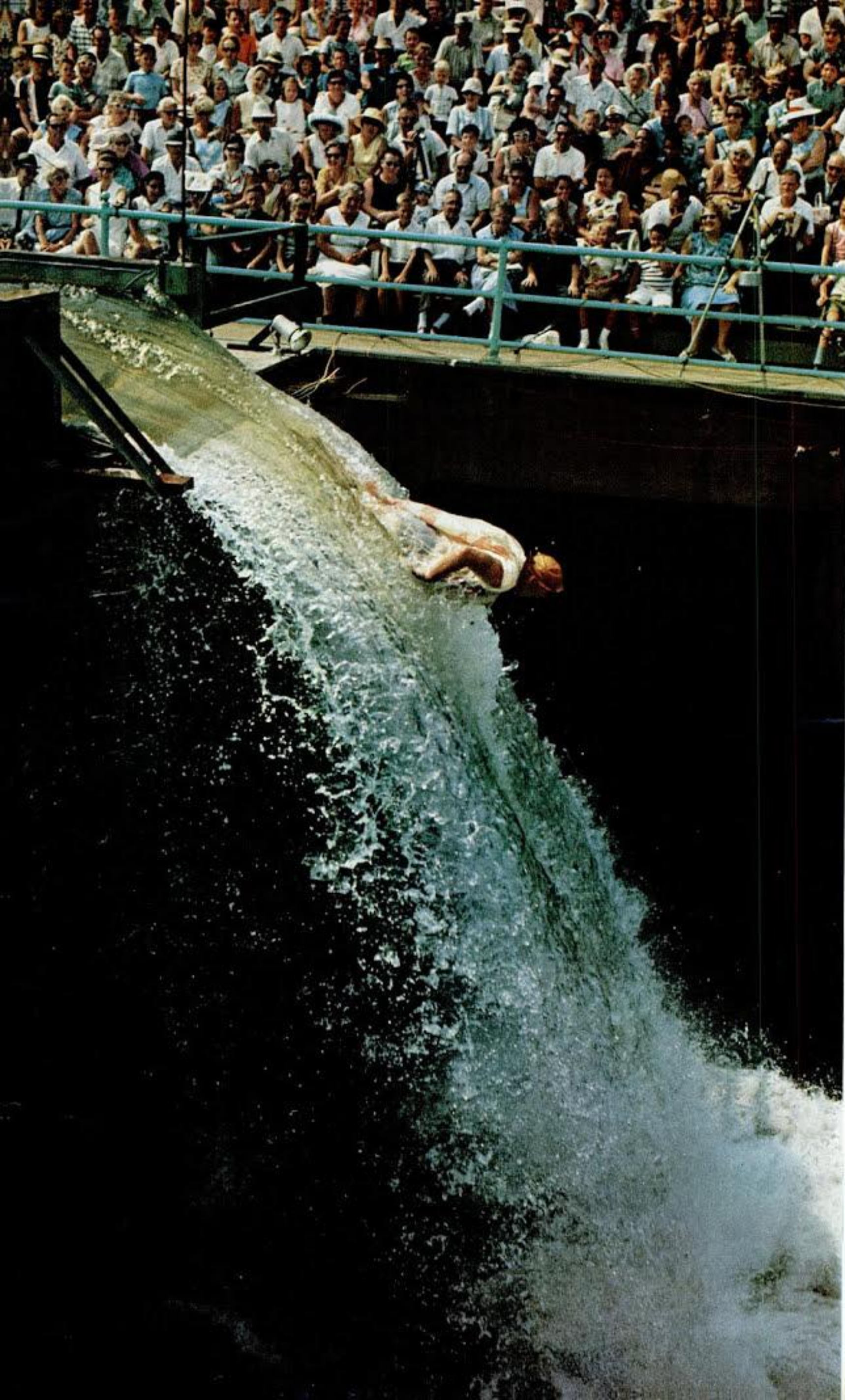


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High-kicking "Beige Beasts" at Club Harlem rock timbers (above) in finale of town's best nightclub show. Some 60 of Atlantic City's 239 bars and clubs offer live entertainment.

House of Flowers," a Caribbean fantasy (right), packs them in at Club Harlem's 6 a.m. Sunday "breakfast show." For whiff of nostalgia, Sally Rand is waving her fans at Globe Theater.

Torrential climax in Steel Pier's Water Circus comes when Clown Russ Dotson dives down cascade (left) which irate "wife" unleashes with shotgun blast.



With plenty of horseplay Atlantic City gets into the political swim

DEMOCRATS HIT THE BEACH

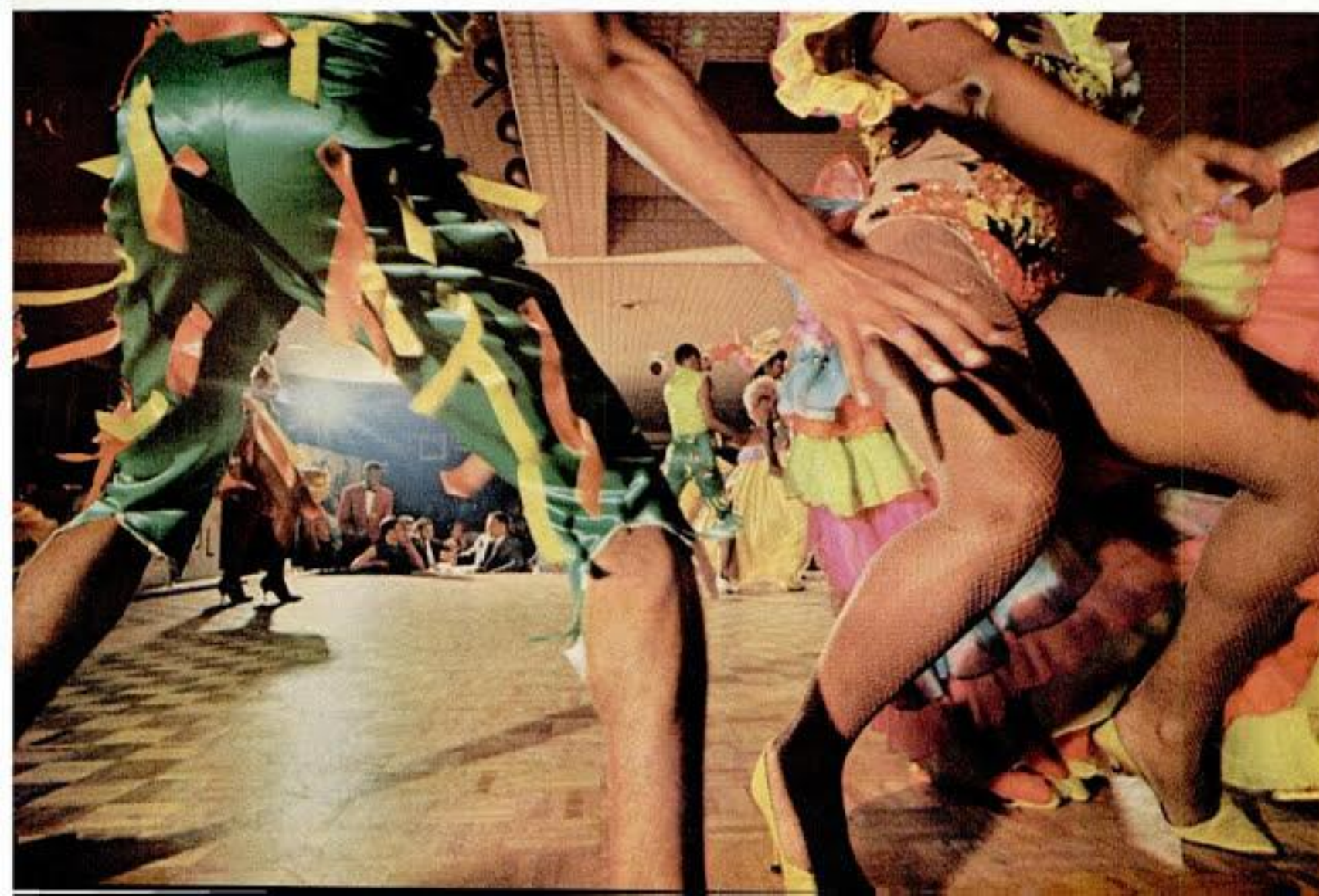
Photographed for LIFE
by ART RICKERBY

Atlantic City is a convention city if ever there was one. From Shriners and Teamsters to Misses America and teachers, almost every notable group has met there. But somehow Atlantic City has never entertained a national political convention until this week when 20,000 Demo-

crats paraded onto the Boardwalk. Everybody, including Lorgah, the Steel Pier's celebrated diving horse (above), seemed to know that Lyndon Johnson was a shoo-in for the presidential nomination and, with no political suspense to distract them, the delegates have

plenty of time for fun and games—and Atlantic City has plenty of both. Along the eight-mile beach front visiting Democrats can watch a water circus, get their heads examined by a phrenologist, or simply flop on the beach and follow the convention on a portable TV.

CONTINUED





Convention Hall, the world's largest, is shown at dusk (left) beyond the Million Dollar Pier. Hall seats 41,000, was recently air-conditioned for the Democrats by the city fathers.

Wearing an L.B.J. hat at the Hotel Dennis pool, 17-year-old Cynthia Cook is part of city's streamlined new look: more emphasis on motel trade, less on matronly old rooming houses.

Old look is preserved by bathers riding a gentle swell in front of Convention Hall. City is proud of its safety record: four drownings out of 32,802,400 bathers in five years.





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Why the Big Eye Made the Big Deal: 'This was done for dollars'

by TOM FLAHERTY

The biggest deal in the history of baseball probably was conceived on a golf course about two years ago, during a friendly match between CBS Chairman William Paley and Yankee President Dan Topping. Who first suggested the deal is not clear, but Paley had at least two reasons to buy the Yankees: a fan's enthusiasm for baseball and a potful of Columbia Broadcasting cash. The CBS net profit last year alone was 41.8 million, which is too much money just to put in the bank. That kind of money demands corporate "diversification." To Paley and his colleagues, the Yankees looked like a sound investment. "Don't worry," said a CBS executive, "this deal was done for dollars"—and the Yankees have indeed produced dollars as well as pennants.

The original owners of the baseball franchise bought it for \$18,000 in 1903 (the Yanks were then the New York Highlanders) and sold out 12 years later for \$460,000. In 1920 the Yankees pulled off baseball's first big money deal—the purchase of Babe Ruth for \$125,000—and pennants and profits started rolling in. A brilliant top management and scouting system kept bringing in players like Lou Gehrig, Joe DiMaggio and Mickey Mantle, and in the next 43 years the Yankees won 28 American League pennants and 20 world championships. In 1945 the franchise changed hands for \$2.8 million. Two years later a one-third ownership was sold for \$2 million. In 1953 Yankee Stadium and the land under it were sold for \$6.5 million. Now CBS has paid Del Webb and Dan Topping \$11.2 million—"the kind of money we just couldn't walk away from."

The Yankees may never pay off as well as one earlier CBS investment did—a \$360,000 plunge into the musical *My Fair Lady* which has already returned \$10 million. But one network executive says, "Whatever guide you use for business success—say 10% on gross—you can bet the Yankees deliver it." He's right: estimates of Yankee operating profits over the last 15 years run as high as \$20 million.

In buying the Yankees, CBS was also buying insurance against two threats: 1) the exploding cost of television rights to sports events,

and 2) the speck on the horizon, pay television. The networks have, in effect, paid their way into sports ever since the pioneer days when radio put up a few hundred dollars so sportscasters like Graham McNamee and Ted Husing could broadcast from the stands when Notre Dame played Georgia Tech. These "rights payments" have now become an outrageously expensive proposition. CBS will pay \$28.2 million for the privilege of telecasting the next two seasons of National Football League games. NBC topped this by contracting to broadcast the games of the fledgling American Football League for \$36 million for five years beginning in 1965—and so probably saved the life of A.F.L.



In baseball the Yankees alone realize about \$2 million a year from radio and TV. This kind of income can mean the difference between profit and loss for a sports enterprise. But the networks wince every time the ante goes up, and according to one network staffer, "We've never been so fed up as we are right now." CBS, for instance, lost its rights to the Orange Bowl football game, which it had broadcast for many years. "We made that game," said one CBS man, "now we lose it to a higher bid. What are you going to do?"

What the networks may want to do is to buy the teams and events they are pouring all their rights money into. Notre Dame and Georgia Tech are not for sale but professional baseball and football

teams often are. Golf has also grown as a spectator sport through television. It is not beyond possibility that one day the network that loses the bidding for television rights to a golf tournament may reach for its wallet and buy the event itself. At least that way the rights money stays in one corporate pocket.

Pay television is still too-small potatoes to be the key factor in the CBS purchase, but the network wants to be ready for it. Even now, in California, baseball fans must pay \$1.50 a game to watch the seventh-place Los Angeles Dodgers play on Subscription Television Inc. When and if pay TV reaches New York, CBS as owner of the Yankees will be in a pivotal position either to keep baseball on free television or to charge the viewer on pay television. As one CBS official put it, "Anybody who owns a team is ahead of the game."

The Yankee-CBS marriage inspired a flurry of sarcasm. (Would wearing pancake makeup ruin the complexion of infielder Phil Linz?) But one question is tough: will Bill Paley and other amateur baseball buffs at CBS start monkeying with the national sport? For the moment, the answer seems to be negative. Topping and Webb remain as president and vice president of the Yankees, and they are baseball pros. One club owner with television interests of his own advised Paley: "Get yourself the best professionals you can and let them run the ball club. It's not for any broadcasters to tell ballplayers how to play!"

Why all the worry, then, about the CBS-Yankee deal? Part of it represents resentment against the growth of television and fear about whom the monster will gobble up next. Part is nostalgic thinking by those who remember when baseball was still too much of a sport to be all business.

Partly the groaning comes because of the image television people have earned for themselves—rightly or wrongly—as pragmatic meddlers and muddlers. An ABC executive recently suggested that the baseball season be cut by two-thirds and the remaining games scheduled solely to fit TV program times. He projected the completely selfish image of TV that makes the prospect of the N.Y. CBS Yankees a scary proposition for dyed-in-the-wool baseball fans.



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LEO'S MID-AIR LAIR

Photographer Sally Anne Thompson went to Tanganyika with her cameras for the express purpose of bearding the king of beasts in his lair, which she naturally assumed would be at ground level. Like a lot of people, she may have had the notion that lions are an energetic lot, given to outrunning swift gazelles by day, shattering the tropical

calm with bloodcurdling roars by night and generally trying to live up to their public image. But as she found out when she happened to glance up, lions love leisure as much as anybody. Come siesta time and the lion conks out for a big catnap in any place that happens to be handy and safely out of reach of the crawly things in the grass.





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